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EDITORIAL

DEMOCRATIC STAR WARS

Last week's Democratic convention resembled a space-odyssey epic. A large group of delegates is placed in a state of suspended animation by means of a cryogenic process known as Rule F(3)(c). The spaceship *Convention* is put on automatic pilot and sent on a voyage to nowhere.

The antiseptic, controlled environment inside the ship, devised by space scientist Robert Strauss, protects the passengers from sinister "alien" beings known as "bosses" and "brokers" and preserves the "pure" pro-Carter voting behavior patterns that had been programmed into them months before in the primary process. Then, despite this feat of genetic engineering, a metaphysical dispute over free will erupts on board. For if these delegates were frozen by Rule F(3)(c), how can they debate and adopt it?

The debate turns out to be of little moment, however, as the passengers overwhelmingly vote to return to their state of suspended animation. But then, in a familiar plot device, an Alien appears claiming that he, not Captain Carter, is a true Democrat. The Alien, who calls himself Captain Kennedy, administers a hypnotic rhetorical potion that gives the passengers the delusion that they are free to change the platform. Quickly, a team of skilled Carter epidemiologists rushes to the ship and brokers an arrangement whereby Thomas P. (The Hulk) O'Neill administers a voice-vote shock; this restores the delegates to reality. Then Captain Carter appears to take symbolic command of the ship, pretends to be bound by the platform and sends the *Convention* off into the fathomless void.

In a planned sequel, escapees from the ship follow Captain Anderson and Captain Commoner into temporary exile on distant planets; the rest watch as Captain Carter battles the fearsome Darth Reagan to the death.

BILLY AND IGOR
Peter Maas

LYNDON LAROUCHE FOR PRESIDENT
Frank Donner and Randall Rothenberg

AMERICA TILTS EAST
Alan Wolfe

MORMONISM INC.
Bob Gottlieb and Peter Wiley

WALKER PERCY
Gene Lyons

LINDA LOVELACE'S 'ORDEAL'

MEMOIRS OF A WOMAN'S DISPLEASURE

ARYEH NEIER

Ordeal, by Linda Lovelace (with Mike McGrady), as everyone must know by now, is the quondam porn actress's account of how she was forced into her trade by her brute of a husband. Not suprisingly, given its sensational subject, the book quickly established itself on the best-seller lists. More surprisingly, it has made Lovelace a heroine to a segment of the feminist movement. She gets star billing in demonstrations sponsored by Women Against Pornography. A leading feminist crusader against pornography, Andrea Dworkin, lauds her "courage." And she is celebrated in the pages of *Ms.*, where Gloria Steinem proclaims, "She *will* make people understand. She will *not* give up. In the microcosm of this one woman is the familiar miracle; the way in which women survive—and fight back."

If Lovelace's tale of woe is true—and I have no reason to doubt that it is—she certainly deserves sympathy. But why do feminists like Steinem see her as a "microcosm" of all women, as a symbol of women's determination to fight back, as a heroine of our time? Is it because they believe that many or most of the women who perform in pornographic movies and live shows or pose for pornographic photographs are coerced the way Lovelace says she was coerced? If so, where is the evidence for this belief? And if they have no evidence but believe it to be so because it fits their ideology, what is the significance of this new development in feminist thought?

In pondering these questions, I find it helpful to consider Lovelace's story against the backdrop of the shifting fashions in the way society

(Continued on Page 154)

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LETTERS.

PROXMIRE WRITES

Washington

In the last couple of lines of *The Nation*'s review of my book, *The Fleecing of America* [James R. McDonald, "Hard Words and Soft Sciences," June 28], the allegation is made that royalties I receive from the book would be used to underwrite my campaign costs in 1982.

My answer: Every penny of royalties I receive on *The Fleecing of America* will be turned over as an unrestricted gift to the U.S. Government.

Incidentally, during my last campaign in 1976 I accepted *no* campaign contributions whatsoever and spent a total of $177.73 of my own money in the campaign. *William Proxmire*
United States Senate

CONGRATULATIONS?

Tyringham, Mass.

Hey wow! Congratulations! *The Nation* [Fred J. Cook, "The Natural Gas Boom," July 12] has come close to catching up with *The Wall Street Journal* of 1977! That puts you a couple of years up on *The New Republic*, which is dallying with the *Journal*'s tax and defense policies of 1975. Maybe next month you could discover the Laffer curve?
George Gilder

LEKACHMAN MISLEADS

Lido Beach, N.Y.

It was truly appalling for me to note that Robert Lekachman, "Distinguished Professor" of economics, has approvingly repeated John Maynard Keynes's fairy tale that the Versailles Treaty "crippled the German economy" ["The Crash of 1980," *The Nation*, July 5]. This was a favorite cry of German propagandists in the 1920s and was taken up by Hitler as one of his slogans in his drive to power.

In point of fact, the Versailles Treaty could not have crippled the German economy precisely because its major provisions were, for the most part, never carried out or were so emasculated as to render them inert. Reparation, for example, was a major aspect of the treaty but turned out to be a total farce. Indeed, it has been authoritatively estimated by the Royal Institute of International Affairs that Germany borrowed from abroad three times as much as it paid in reparations.

This "crippled German economy" managed to produce and export more than any of its European competitors by 1930 and was already, in the 1920s, providing the sinews for Germany's war-making capacity, according to official Allied reports and testimony. Obviously, this massive arms buildup could not have been achieved during Hitler's first six years (1933-39) in power.

Professor Lekachman misleads his readers when he equates damages suffered by the Germans with those of the other continental powers. Germany's physical condition, its industrial plant and its transportation facilities were relatively intact. On the other hand, its neighbors suffered extensive destruction.

All of this means that it would have been impossible for the Germans to build the most formidable military machine in twenty years without that "crippled German economy." Of course, that economy received additional nourishment from the multimillion-dollar loans (many of them never repaid) and investments from the "victors"—public and private. The "crippled German economy" never had a better friend than the Allied collaborators, particularly those located in the United States. *Herbert Kriedman, Ph.D.*
Professor of History

LEKACHMAN REPLIES

New York City

Dr. Kriedman seems to have missed the point I was making. Reparations were a fiasco for precisely Keynes's reasons. Germany lost iron and coal as well as its merchant marine, and found it hard to export because of tariff barriers. My criticism of American policy, indeed, was its preference for huge loans to Germany in place of sensible trade policy. Hitler regained the Saar, widened bilateral trade and ran a "Keynesian" full-employment economy. Kriedman and I disagree much less than he appears to think. *Robert Lekachman*

AN OPEN LETTER TO GUYANA

To Prime Minister Forbes Burnham, Georgetown, Guyana

The news of the murder of Walter Rodney and the systematic liquidation of the leadership of the Guyana Working People's Alliance is an outrage that shocks progressive people everywhere. These crimes are consistent with the record of your Government in the service of imperialism! Rodney's exemplary life resides not only in his scholarly analyses of slavery and imperialism but also in an active struggle for the liberation of oppressed and exploited peoples in whose service his life has now been sacrificed. These horrendous acts can neither intimidate the people nor prevent the victory of their just struggle, whose assured and imminent triumph will be the greatest memorial to the numberless victims of your client regime.

Prof. Lascelles Anderson, Harvard University
Dr. Geoffrey Bodenhausen, Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Prof. Barbara Brown, Mt. Holyoke College
Prof. Edouard Bustin, Chairman, Political Science Department, Boston University
Prof. Irene Gendzier, Boston University
Clyde Grubbs, Boston University
Harvard African Students Association
William Hansen, Boston University
Prof. Martin Kilson, Harvard University
Prof. Murray Levin, Boston University
Dr. David Massey, Boston University
Prof. Aggrey Mberi, Roxbury Community College
Paul Mishler, Boston University
Dr. Susanne Mueller, Boston University
Dr. Azinna Nwafor, Cambridge, Mass.
Brigitte Schulz, Boston University
Prof. Howard Zinn, Boston University

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EDITORIALS.

Convention '80

A NATION ALMANAC

The man who made the best speech and won the hearts of the most delegates was the loser.

The man who stood lowest in the polls of all the candidates won the nomination.

The ayes drowned out the nos on Minority Report 1 (wage and price controls, etc.), but by prearrangement, Tip O'Neill ruled that it had not passed (and nobody called for a roll-call vote).

The major "deal" at the convention—the decision to allow the three Kennedy planks to pass by a voice vote—was engineered by the Carter forces, who had opposed an "open" convention because there would be deals in smoke-filled rooms (the deals were instead made on the podium).

The debate over an open convention was between those who feared that an open convention would nominate Kennedy and those who feared it would nominate Carter.

Before Minority Report 3 ($12 billion to create 800,000 jobs) was passed, the White House, charging that it was too costly and tied the President down to a specific figure, pushed a "compromise" cobbled up by some Democratic mayors that would have cost $16 billion.

The most significant foreign policy pronouncement this year—the limited nuclear strategy—was announced in a pre-convention leak, meaning that readers of *The New York Times* knew about it before the Secretary of State.

After Democratic orators had denounced Ronald Reagan as a closet warmonger, the President sent a personal letter to all the delegates, "as Commander in Chief of the American armed forces," urging them to vote for the MX.

It was the liberals (waving Kennedy signs) who booed the most liberal speaker at the convention, former Ambassador Andrew Young.

President Carter, who urged that petty differences be put aside for the sake of party unity, ordered his plane to land at Newark rather than New York as a snub to Gover-

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nor Hugh Carey, who had led the open-convention fight.

The champion of the anti-Carter forces, Senator Kennedy, did his most effective campaigning after Carter's victory was assured and made his best 1980 campaign speech after announcing his withdrawal from the race.

In the same speech, the man who had called Jimmy Carter a "Reagan clone" told the American people they had a "clear choice" this November.

The President gave ringing support to the Equal Rights Amendment—but said that poor women did not have an equal right to an abortion.

There was no mention of Iran or the Iranian hostages.

It was Walter Cronkite's last convention.

And that's the way it was.

Billy and Igor

In their apologias for Billy Carter's Libyan connections, the President and others in his Administration, notably Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti, managed to convey the idea that registering as a foreign agent is really a ho-hum thing, basically a matter for civil jurisprudence to handle, and that the main job of the Justice Department is to try to persuade reluctant agents to be nice guys and register. Even more astonishing, the press, by and large, has accepted this interpretation of the law.

Despite President Jimmy Carter's unchallenged assertion in his recent press conference that "since the 1960s" no criminal prosecutions had resulted under the act, the fact is that the Foreign Registration Act not only carries stiff criminal penalties but that in the 1960s—1963 to be precise—there was a case in which another Democratic Administration did not hesitate to move swiftly to enforce the act. I know, because I was there.

The case is remarkably similar to the Billy Carter affair in almost every respect—except the way in which it was handled. It involved people close to the Kennedy White House, including President John Kennedy's father. Instead of Libya, the foreign country was the Dominican Republic. Instead of Col. Muammar el-Qadaffi, the head of state was Gen. Rafael Trujillo. Instead of airplanes, the matter to be influenced involved sugar imports. And instead of Civiletti, the Attorney General was Robert Kennedy.

The central figure in the case was Igor Cassini, who under the pen name of Cholly Knickerbocker was a powerful Hearst society columnist. Cassini was extremely close to Joseph Kennedy Sr. He was married to the daughter of Charles Wrightsman, an oil tycoon and Kennedy family intimate. His brother, Oleg, designed Jacqueline Kennedy's wardrobe.

In the summer of 1962, as an investigative reporter for *The Saturday Evening Post*, I had heard rumors that Cassini was in effect selling editorial space in his column through a New York public-relations firm he had set up. I began working on the story, and subsequently heard that Cassini had been secretly representing the Trujillo dictatorship, with the bulk of his efforts being devoted to persuading the U.S. Government to lift a sugar embargo that had been imposed on the Dominican Republic because of Trujillo's excesses.

After several weeks of tracking down various leads, I felt that I could conclusively show that Cassini had been on Trujillo's payroll, that he had set up still another public-relations firm in the Bahamas to serve as a conduit for the money and that he had made his initial approach on Trujillo's behalf to the President's father. His pitch to the elder Kennedy was that a Communist takeover was imminent in the Dominican Republic because of the severe economic distress the sugar embargo had caused. Joe Kennedy Sr. in turn went to his son, the President, and the upshot was that a special mission headed by Ambassador Robert Murphy was dispatched to the Dominican Republic to look into the matter. Tagging along as part of Murphy's official entourage was none other than Cassini. In the midst of all this, as it happened, Trujillo was assassinated, not by Communists but by his own dissident generals. Cassini, however, was still kept on the Dominican payroll by Trujillo's son, "Ramfis," who had succeeded the tyrant.

When I had put all this together, I sought an interview with Attorney General Kennedy to inquire where the Justice Department had been all this time. It was an awkward moment for me. I had come to like and admire Bobby. I did not know what his relationship to Cassini was, but I knew how much he revered his father and that his father, dupe or not, was going to play a prominent role in my story.

I remember walking into his office, and hearing him ask why our meeting was so urgent. I told him that it concerned Igor Cassini's relationship with the Dominican Republic. I remember how he raised a hand and said that the Federal Bureau of Investigation had looked into it all, and "there was nothing there."

"Well, the Bureau didn't do a very good job," I replied, and for the next two hours I told Bobby what I had uncovered. After I had finished, he said simply, "Thank you."

The following day, in New York, I was visited by the first of a series of F.B.I. agents, who appeared to be very highly motivated about ferreting out anything I had on Cassini. I kept waiting for the other shoe to drop, to be offered an even more explosive story if I ignored this one—or at least omitted Joseph Kennedy's name from my article.

Nothing remotely like this took place. Moreover, nobody went to Cassini to try to persuade him to register as a foreign agent. Instead he was hauled before a grand jury and indicted. He hired Louis Nizer, one of the highest-priced defense lawyers in the country, to represent him. Then, just before his trial was to begin, Cassini caved in and pleaded nolo contendere, which is an elegant way of copping a plea. He was fined and placed on probation. He also lost his syndicated column and thus his power base.

The first time I interviewed Cassini, I recall, his office walls were covered with photographs of the Kennedys. The last time I saw him, to allow him a final chance to explain away what I had discovered, all those photographs had disappeared. I think about this a lot now, and I wonder what Cassini himself is thinking today. Maybe he's thinking

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that timing is everything and how different it would have been if he had only hooked up with Billy Carter.

There is something else I remember. About three months after Cassini's plea, I had dinner with Robert Kennedy. The Cassini business came up during the conversation, and he said, "God knows, that was the last case I was looking to prosecute. But what's right is right."

It sounds almost quaint, doesn't it? PETER MAAS

Peter Maas is the author of Serpico *and* The Valachi Papers. *His first novel,* Made In America, *was published last fall by Viking Press.*

A Famous Victory

Three new secrets have been generated by Jimmy Carter's draft registration program. The first is the number of men who actually registered. The Selective Service System had predicted that up to 98 percent of the estimated four million men aged 19 and 20 would comply with the President's order. But a number of local postmasters and other agencies report significant nonregistration. The percentages are shown below:

Atlanta	20	Phoenix	20
Boston	40	San Diego	40
Chicago	32	Seattle	31

Barry Lynn of the Committee Against Registration and the Draft estimates a national figure of more than 12.5 percent, that is, more than 500,000 nonregistrants.

One might now expect Selective Service to announce how many registration forms were collected at its six regional computer centers, which were set up to provide lightning-quick mobilization data. Instead, its chief, Bernard Rostker, after proclaiming registration "a great success," announced that another ninety days would be needed to process the forms and release any numbers. Thus, the embarrassing shortfall is not to be revealed officially until after the November elections. To paraphrase Robert Southey's poem on the battle of Blenheim: "The numbers I can't tell," said he, "but 'twas a famous victory."

The second secret is that the S.S.S. has started a computerized system of dossiers on all people now or ever required to register. This is being done, according to American Civil Liberties Union counsel David Landau, by consolidating ("data matching," the whiz kids call it) young people's names, addresses and Social Security numbers from all available computerized lists: motor vehicle license records, high-school graduation records, college registration lists and many others. S.S.S. will then match this list of potential registrants against those actually registered, thereby getting the names of those who could be prosecuted as lawbreakers.

But if all this information can be obtained by computerized faceless registration, why, one might ask, did Carter tell people to register in person at post offices? There are many parts to the answer. Carter wanted some "massive" symbolic action—along with military escalation, the wheat embargo and the Olympic boycott—as a dramatic response to the Soviet intervention in Afghanistan, while postponing until 1981 any concerted drive for peacetime examination, classification and actual conscription. Faceless registration, however, requires low visibility at a time when many conservatives and reactionaries, as well as liberals and radicals, are increasingly worried about Big Brother's invasion of personal privacy. Above all, many of the laws protecting privacy have loopholes, of which public agencies pursuing wrongdoers can avail themselves. Now that Carter's draft registration has created a massive number of alleged lawbreakers, these loopholes can be exploited and, with clever interpretations or amendments, widened to include even Social Security and Internal Revenue Service files.

The third secret is that the Justice Department has no sound basis on which to prosecute nonregistrants. Under past Supreme Court decisions, any nonregistrant has a good defense if he can demonstrate that he sincerely believed draft registration to be unconstitutional. And until the Supreme Court rules otherwise, he can start by referring to the unanimous decision of the United States District Court on July 18, 1980, that the Selective Service Act "unconstitutionally discriminates between males and females." True, on the following day Justice William Brennan held up the enforcement of the District Court's decision until the Supreme Court could act. In so doing, Brennan yielded to the Government's almost hysterical claim that immediate registration was needed to support Carter's act of "independent foreign policy significance." But he did not, and could not have legally tried to, reverse the District Court's ruling of unconsitutionality.

Furthermore, there are many other grounds for people to believe—as I do—in the unconstitutionality of draft registration and the peacetime conscription of which, in Justice Brennan's words, it is "a predicate" (meaning foundation). Even if women were included, it would discriminate against young people in a way that "does not serve important governmental objectives." Above all, even if sexist and ageist discriminations were eliminated, it would still violate Fourth Amendment protections of personal privacy, Fifth Amendment guarantees of equal protection and due process and Thirteenth Amendment protections against involuntary servitude.

Actually, the entire program to revive the draft is an operation that—contrary to the oaths public officials have lightly taken—has the effect of undermining, deserting, or attacking rather than preserving, protecting and defending the Constitution. Genuine patriotism requires a firm refusal by young and old, female and male, to collaborate in any such form of subversion. BERTRAM GROSS

Bertram Gross is Distinguished Professor in the urban affairs department of Hunter College. His most recent book is Friendly Fascism: The New Face of Power in America *(M. Evans).*

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ARTICLES.

POLITICS AND PARANOIA

The Strange Odyssey of Lyndon LaRouche

FRANK DONNER and
RANDALL ROTHENBERG

We must put a member of the national elite directly into the White House, someone of personal stature at least on the level of the world leaders with whom that President must deal. We must now put me into the White House. . . . In reality, you have no other choice. Either I lead us out of this hideous mess, or this nation is about to go as Babylon went before it.

—Lyndon LaRouche, Chairman
United States Labor Party, June 17, 1980

In the late 1960s the United States Labor Party, also known as the National Caucus of Labor Committees, was a familiar presence on the left. Except for the premium it placed upon creating a nuisance, the U.S.L.P. appeared at the time little different from the many parties formed then that are no longer in existence. But the Labor Party we still have with us, albeit in different ideological clothes and with more sophisticated techniques of operation. What can account for its longevity, for its dramatic swing rightward, for its continued effectiveness in disrupting the political process?

Despite extensive investigative reports on the U.S.L.P. in *The New York Times* and in a New York City community shopper called *Our Town*, the real story of the group is probably to be found in the shadowy territory where a political party is transformed into a cult; and for fuller understanding of this new hybrid, the political cult, we must draw as much upon the findings of psychopathology as a knowledge of politics—that is, we must explore that uncharted terrain where the two meet and shape each other.

Lyndon LaRouche's yearlong quest for victory in the New Hampshire Democratic primary introduced New England to the paranoid style of U.S. Labor Party politics. Young followers of the party's founder began flooding the state in early 1979, trying to convince the citizenry that LaRouche, the middle-aged, bespectacled "world-renowned economist," was the last hope left for America.

As the campaign heated up, so did LaRouche and his supporters, with new improvisations on some of their familiar mischief. The U.S.L.P. began attacking Republican George Bush for his membership in the Trilateral Commission, which LaRouche has always claimed is the core of an international conspiracy. The attacks were parroted by ultraconservative New Hampshire publisher William Loeb in *The Manchester Union Leader*. And here, in the conjunction of Loeb and LaRouche, we have in small the recent history of the U.S. Labor Party—its courtship of the ultraright and its effectiveness in drawing some of these rightist groups into the kind of disruptive manipulation of the political process that is the U.S. Labor Party's specialty. In this particular instance, the attacks on Bush had the double benefit, from the party's point of view, of attracting a good deal of publicity (the front page of *The Wall Street Journal*) and, by some accounts, damaging Bush's chances in the primary.

At one point, LaRouche ceased harassing his opponents long enough to engage in some of his own self-promotional brand of paranoia. He called a press conference to announce that he was the target of an assassination plot that involved not only "Zionist and British agents" but *The Concord Monitor, The Keene Sentinel* and *The Nashua Telegraph* as well. Under questioning, the self-described "counterintelligence expert" admitted that he had had his followers pose as newspaper reporters and Democratic Party operatives to ferret out information about the plot. "We can impersonate them all we want to, because they are doing it to us," said LaRouche. "These amateurs are not supposed to play games with people of my rank; otherwise, they get chewed up."

A "New Hampshire Target List" was discovered by Associated Press reporters in a room in the Concord Young Men's Christian Association. It contained the names of public officials—including the Governor, the Secretary of State and the Attorney General—who were to be the subjects of harassing telephone calls from the U.S. Labor Party in the two days left before the election. New Hampshire Attorney General Thomas Rath confirmed that he received fifty menacing calls on the Sunday prior to the primary.

The following Tuesday, February 26, after a year of hard politicking, LaRouche received 2,307 votes—less than 1 percent of the vote cast—in the New Hampshire primary. This is par for the course in U.S.L.P. campaigns, as is the cry of "vote fraud" that the candidate and his followers set up even before the ballots were counted. In a subsequent recount LaRouche gained nineteen additional votes.

The U.S. Labor Party is the political arm of the National Caucus of Labor Committees which, in the late 1960s, emerged as a Marxist offshoot of the splintered student left. In 1973, the National Caucus entered the political process through the U.S.L.P., which became its major operation and alter ego. LaRouchites are now downplaying the Labor Party format and channeling their political activity into

Frank Donner is director of the American Civil Liberties Union research project on political surveillance and author of a recent book on the subject, The Age of Surveillance *(Alfred A. Knopf). Randall Rothenberg, a contributing editor of* New Jersey Monthly, *is co-author of* Getting Angry Six Times a Week: A Portfolio of Political Cartoons *(Beacon Press).*

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their leader's Presidential campaign. Along with personal and televised pitches to the delegates at the recent Democratic convention, LaRouche issued a "pre-convention position paper," which called for his election to a "moral Presidency uniting Democrats, Republicans and independents behind a January '81 return to the American system. . . ."

Whatever its current guise, the U.S.L.P. remains a paradigm of paranoid politics. And Lyndon LaRouche *is* the U.S.L.P. A management consultant and head of a successful computer software service called Computron, LaRouche was a member of the Trotskyist Socialist Workers Party from 1948 to 1966. (For a long time he used the name "Lyn Marcus," a derivation from Lenin and Marx.) In 1968 he acquired a following among sectors of the Students for a Democratic Society in the wake of the Columbia student strike, for which he acted both as a political adviser and father figure.

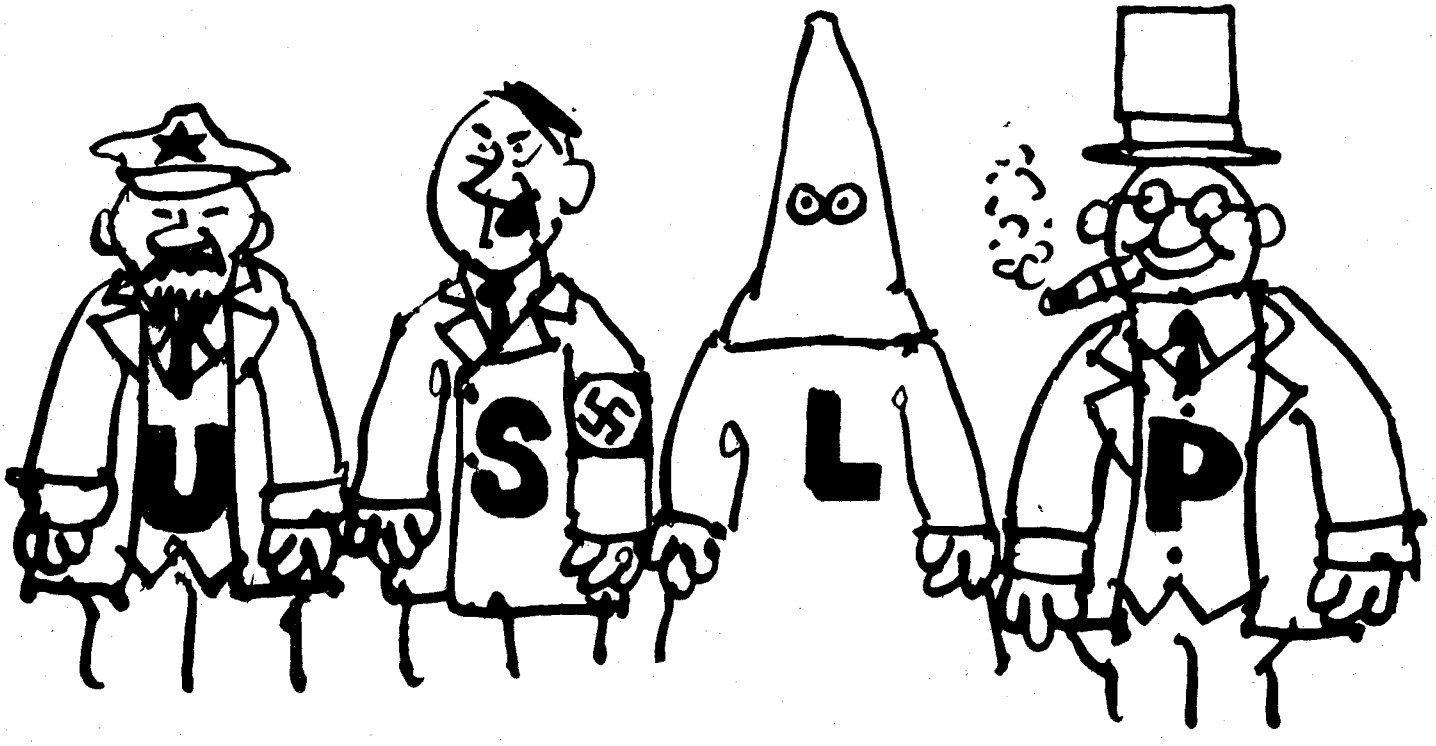
For many of those dissatisfied with the bourgeois trappings and political vagaries of the New Left during the late 1960s and early 1970s, Marcus/LaRouche represented the Real Thing—solid left politics with no vestiges of wishy-washy liberalism. At the time, the word was that LaRouche had a "line," an analysis, a world historical explanation. It was this line that made him more "serious" than the youthful occupiers of college deans' offices. Not only students but a number of intelligent and respected faculty members at places like Swarthmore College became, for a time at least, passionate members of the U.S. Labor Party.

But clearly by 1973 something funny had been added to "the line." It was in this year that LaRouche devised and inaugurated Operation MOP UP to eliminate rivals on the left. This operation mounted some seventy armed attacks in a number of cities on activities of the Communist Party and the Socialist Workers Party. Organized gangs of National Caucus members armed with clubs, pipes and *nunchucks* (a karate weapon consisting of two chain-linked cudgels) inflicted injuries on their ideological enemies, some of whom required hospitalization. Planned disruptions of meetings, physical threats and takeover raids became standard operating procedure. By most reports a good part of the original membership began to drop away during this period. In 1974 the group abandoned Marxism and did a 180-degree turnabout in favor of a pristine version of capitalism, and stranger things were on their way.

By the Presidential election of 1976, the unique blend of political cunning and psychopathology that characterizes the U.S.L.P. was in full flower. In August of that year it published its major campaign document, a 129-page polemic, *Carter and the Party of International Terrorism.* In all the literature of weird outpourings by political prophets and conspiralogists, it would be difficult to find its equal. The thesis of this bizarre document is that forces mobilized by the Rockefeller family seized control of the Democratic Party in 1968 with the aid of "storm troopers" and "fascists" led by the Institute for Policy Studies, a left-liberal think tank. These combined forces were said to have engineered the nomination of Jimmy Carter and in so doing laid bare for all to see a five-tiered conspiracy of financiers and policy formulators and their I.P.S. terrorist field operatives. Virtually the entire spectrum of liberal and left institutions, their leaders, sponsors, activists and duped memberships are identified with the Rockefeller terrorist conspiracy, which is led by the I.P.S.

The basic reason for the U.S.L.P.'s thuggery against all prominent figures on the left is not difficult to discover. Anyone who casts a shadow on the intellectual primacy of LaRouche must be discredited. His characterizations of such figures as Ralph Nader, Noam Chomsky and Daniel Ellsberg appear to seethe with a hatred rooted in envy.

At any rate, *Carter and the Party of International Ter-*



DRAWINGS BY LOU MYERS

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rorism served as a bid for the support of the ultrarightist constituency by substituting left liberalism (equated with terrorism) for the moribund Communist menace. Swollen with the conviction that he alone deserved power, and having failed in his attempts to organize a mass movement on the progressive left with himself as the new Lenin, LaRouche, in the 1970s, saw in the ultraright the answer to his dreams of power.

The American ultras have traditionally shunned the electoral process: even conservative power-holders are seen by them as agents of a subversive conspiracy. LaRouche's goal then and now was to consolidate and take command of this essentially negative, reactive constituency and to transform it into the electoral basis of a messianic power drive. In the process he has played on all the prejudices endemic to the American nativist syndrome, beginning with hatred of the Rockefellers, who are anathema to the ultras as infidels, betrayers of the true faith. At the core of nativistic fear-mongering is a conspiratorial outlook that ascribes superordinate powers to a variety of cabals. LaRouche and his followers quickly made conspiracy their stock in trade.

As in the old days, LaRouche still has a "line," only now the line vividly illustrates a central theme of Richard Hofstadter's *The Paranoid Style in American Politics*: the role of conspiracy as a source not merely of a particular evil but as a key to the fate of an entire political order. In a party exposé called *Dope, Inc.*, the traffic in narcotics was blamed for financing everything evil in the world, including, of course, terrorism and assassinations. Identifying the drug traffic as the root of all evil is also a variation on another familiar theme in the rightist tradition: the exploitation of moral "way of life" issues as a means of building a constituency and diverting it from political choices based on economic self-interest. Indeed, the U.S. Labor Party's politics and programs in a number of areas represent an attempt to make politics out of bourgeois culture and to war on modernism (not to speak of the counterculture) as the offspring of liberalism.

LaRouche's efforts to develop reinforcements and support in the ultraright have met with mixed success. Overtures to Willis Carto's Liberty Lobby, the most influential of the ultras, and to Col. Tom McCrary, the spokesman for the remnants of the George Wallace movement, the American Independent Party, have borne fruit in alliance. In its efforts to consolidate a right-wing constituency the U.S.L.P. has not spurned the likes of J. B. Stoner, the notorious Ku Klux Klan leader. Indeed, the party's racism is blatant enough to warm the hearts of many Klansmen. Other sectors of the right have remained aloof. To the John Birchers, for example, LaRouche is a "former" (always in skeptical quotation marks) Communist.

What seems clear is that the U.S.L.P. has introduced new agendas and new bedfellows into right-wing politics. For example, organized labor has historically been anathema to the ultras. But the U.S.L.P. has made a strong pitch for the support of labor—not the progressive sectors but the most reactionary ones. Its favorite union is the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, which it admiringly terms "the biggest and strongest trade union in the country, which has consistently used its power to press for industrial growth." In a bid for financial support, the U.S.L.P. has infiltrated, smeared and harassed the teamster reform groups, which are now merged into a single organization, PROD. The U.S.L.P. has poured out literature ("The Plot to Destroy the Teamsters," "The Truth About PROD") charging, among other things, that PROD is the spearhead of a Wall Street anti-union plot.

Another item on the U.S.L.P.'s rightist agenda is its support of nuclear power. In line with its doctrinal commitment to economic advance and high technology, in 1975 it launched the Fusion Energy Foundation. Environmental opponents of nuclear power are consequently described as the vanguard of the forces of "deindustrialization" poised on the cusp of terrorism, if not already immersed in it. The party's attack on the antinuclear movement deploys a wide range of weapons—infiltration, disruption, threats, defamation (an antinuclear rally is branded a "drug and terrorist festival"). Wild charges are dispatched to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, state and local police; the Federal authorities are petitioned to treat speakers at antinuclear rallies as violators of the Federal statute that prohibits the crossing of state lines in order to incite a riot.

These familiar shenanigans aside, the Fusion Energy Foundation has gained a solid foothold in the pronuclear scientific community. The foundation calls for a $5 billion crash program to create an American fusion-energy capability by the year 2000. Although the operating leadership of the foundation consists entirely of U.S. Labor Party members, it has lured dozens of corporate executives, physicists, government planners and plasma biologists to serve—largely as figureheads—on its scientific advisory board, and it has also salted its board of directors with non-party members. Most of these people are unaware of the foundation's connection with the Labor Party; those who do know of it are usually unaware of what the party stands for.

The foundation has become deeply involved in fusion energy research, and most fusion researchers in the country have at one time or another had direct contact with foundation representatives; even the head of fusion research for the Federal Government has cooperated with the group. The ties between the foundation and the scientific community are so strong that, according to one energy researcher, "they get information on new fusion energy developments and pass them on to us literally months before the government does. And they're always accurate."

CAREY McWILLIAMS

For a printed transcript of the remarks delivered at the July 10th memorial service for Carey McWilliams, please send $1.00 (to cover the cost of production and mailing) to Karen Wilcox at *The Nation*.

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HOW TO SAVE FUEL DURING YOUR SUMMER VACATION

ENGINE TUNING, TIRE PRESSURE, AND HOW YOU DRIVE MAKE A BIG DIFFERENCE.

You're sure to be on the move this summer. With gas more expensive, you may find helpful a few simple reminders on the best ways to get maximum mileage. They won't take a lot of time, and may save you a fair amount at the gas pump.

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Use your air conditioner prudently. Whenever possible, use the vent position on the air conditioner to circulate air; it's not only quieter and cleaner than opening the windows all the way, but your car presents less wind resistance with the windows up. If you park in the shade, your car will be cooler when you get in, so it'll be easier to keep comfortable without making the air conditioner work so hard.

Keeping the proper amount of coolant in the radiator will help prevent your car from overheating. It won't save fuel, but it may save expensive towing costs. A lot of people think it's okay just to add extra water, but that can actually cause the mixture in your radiator to boil. Coolant—a 50/50 mixture of ethylene glycol antifreeze and water—raises the boiling temperature and will therefore help prevent overheating.

Your driving habits are probably the most important factor of all in saving fuel. The best advice we can give is to drive at moderate speeds and accelerate evenly. For example, jackrabbit starts take much more gasoline than gradual acceleration. Frequent stops will also cost you fuel, because every "pump" of the accelerator means extra gas going through the carburetor. Also, "riding the brake" creates a lot of unnecessary friction and wastes gas.

Extra weight in your trunk, such as tire chains, golf clubs you don't plan to use, even unnecessary luggage, takes more gas to haul. And finally, driving at high speeds substantially reduces fuel economy. So observing the 55 mile per hour speed limit makes economic sense and may save lives, too. Tests confirm that you can get approximately 20% better mileage by driving at 50 miles per hour than at 70 miles per hour.

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The attempt to politicize the nuclear energy issue, to propagandize the readership of the foundation's two journals with the U.S.L.P. line—through editorials as well as the writings of Chairman LaRouche—has created problems. To begin with, the foundation's tax exemption bars it from such activities, and the scientists involved have found the propaganda repellent.

Of all the preoccupations and obsessions of the U.S. Labor Party, none is as important and revealing as its penchant for security and intelligence operations. The pursuit of ever more sophisticated intelligence procedures has led LaRouche and his group into strange places. After operating a camp in upstate New York where a security unit conducted training in the martial arts and counterinsurgency tactics, the group became clients and associates of the legendary Mitchell WerBell III ("the Wizard of Whispering Death"), who operates a sixty-acre training facility ("The Farm") near Powder Springs, Georgia. WerBell, retained by LaRouche in 1977 as a security consultant to protect him against assassination, is a superspook, long prominent in gun-running circles, involved in the equipping of mercenaries, sniper training and corporate security work. (His unsavory Central Intelligence Agency associations are described in detail in Jim Hougan's book *Spooks: The Haunting of America.*) WerBell and the U.S.L.P., it turned out, were made for each other. They share both a commitment to ultraright causes and a conspiratorial view of the world.

The LaRouchites were brought to WerBell by an even gamier figure of the right—Roy Frankhouser, a leader in the Klan, the Minutemen and the American Nazi party. WerBell and Frankhouser introduced LaRouche to the shadowy world of spooks and the activist right-wing underground. Intelligence, both in its passive and aggressive incarnations, has become a high priority in ultrarightist circles. Groups such as the John Birch Society, the Minutemen, the Legion of Justice and the Secret Army Organization have increasingly employed intelligence techniques. The language of intelligence legitimates activities of questionable legality, while its Manichaean world-view serves to reinforce right-wing thinking.

No group in the entire spectrum of rightist organizations can match the U.S. Labor Party in its obsession with intelligence. From its very beginnings, LaRouche recently assured an interviewer, the party has "operated a significant private political intelligence agency. If we see a problem, we'll contact a government agency and swap notes." In a literal sense, the U.S. Labor Party is a cult of intelligence.

"There's a definite hysteria inside [the party] about intelligence, about the world of espionage," says a defector. "They all think in those terms. . . . Everything is part of that shadowy world of spooks." There is a special intelligence staff assigned to monitor and deceive the enemy and an elite security unit that foils real or imagined attempts to subvert the membership. Its New York office bespeaks, in the words of a *Wall Street Journal* reporter, "the tight security and the serious mood [of] some sensitive government intelligence post." Of its numerous publications one, the weekly *Executive Intelligence Review,* focuses entirely on intelligence. *E.I.R.* is an instrument of internal control, a primary membership activity, a prestige asset and a source of funds. Most important, it is the wellspring of a special jargon, which gives the group its sense of identity and a means of replacing empirical reality with conspiratorial fantasies.

The transformation of the U.S. Labor Party into a cult of intelligence seems to have coincided with the party's internal withdrawal and increasing paranoia about the enemies who would block its deserved ascent to power. What seems to have heralded the change from political party to political cult was the Chris White brainwashing incident.

In December 1973, LaRouche called Christopher White to New York from London, where White had been chairman of the local party chapter—one of many organizational failures. For months, LaRouche had been aware that his girlfriend, Carol Schnitzer, had been having an affair with White. Whether it was a reaction to this affair or the result of political setbacks, LaRouche apparently suffered a nervous breakdown. "Anyway," recalls a defector, "LaRouche had just been reading about brainwashing, decided that that's what happened to White, and began to 'deprogram' him."

The deprogramming operation, according to one of those present, consisted of LaRouche feeding White suggestions and asking, "Is this correct?"

"Chris, who wanted to extricate himself from this situation, would nod his head and say, 'Yes, that's correct.'"

A nonparty lawyer who had worked on civil liberties cases for the group was called in excitedly by LaRouche to witness the deprogramming as "proof" that there was a C.I.A.-K.G.B. plot to assassinate him. The lawyer remembers exactly what White "confessed" to:

"I went to an apartment on the Upper West Side, and LaRouche was there with lots and lots of people. It looked like a crash pad," he says.

> Chris White was being "deprogrammed" into a tape recorder. He'd been awake a long time, obviously. White's story is that he *is* Chris White, but he's been going under other names, and he's an informer for both the C.I.A. *and* the K.G.B., using a different name for each. And LaRouche said, "They've programmed him so carefully that he was able to think differently in respect to each of his three characters—in the party, in the C.I.A., and in the K.G.B. *I,* because of my great genius, am able to bring the truth out of him. You're hearing the truth now."
>
> Meanwhile, White is rattling on and on about this hogwash. There were a couple of key "signals," objects which LaRouche said would trigger him from one personality to another; in other words, when White saw them or heard them mentioned, he was supposed to have a mind snap, and go into another character. LaRouche said, for instance, that White could speak Russian, so LaRouche gave the signal, and White lamely showed us a few words of Russian.

The Pirandelloesque White incident aside, there is no question that LaRouche believes that there have been plots to assassinate him. But the short of the matter is that th-

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U.S.L.P. is now, and has been for a number of years, a cult, functioning through dogmas unrelated to reality, conceived by a leader whose narcissistic rule is absolute.

Like many cult leaders, LaRouche has developed a highly effective arsenal of mind-control techniques based on his self-proclaimed "groundbreaking" psychological discoveries. Those who question his reported assassination plots are diagnosed as "paranoid." Political doubts are ascribed to a "mother complex," homosexuality or sexual impotence. Dependence is enforced not only in group therapy sessions, during which LaRouche explains the worthlessness of each member without the organization but also in private, one-on-one sessions. "The people who were the leaders and movers and shakers were all psychologically crushed, broken almost physically sometimes," says an ex-member. "They were locked in a room and ego-stripped for days." Another ex-member recalls that the most brilliant members of the organization were "psychologically castrated" and then "assigned for rehabilitation, to write reports, and locally, to sell newspapers."

Perhaps the most peculiar aspect of the U.S. Labor Party's metamorphosis from political party to cult is that it continues to operate effectively in the world at large, especially in its disruption of the political process. Party organizers are routinely instructed to submit intelligence reports on rivals and opponents. Deception, the use of fake names, the formation of bogus groups with acronymic tags resembling those of already existing organizations, phone calls from impersonators, post office boxes disguised as offices, infiltration, the reporting of nonevents and so forth are all integral to the party's modus operandi. *The New York Times* correctly reported that a secretary employed by the Council on Foreign Relations was a party plant. Former members say that information was spirited out of meetings of the Trilateral Commission and the Bilderberg Society, either through bugs or infiltration. Charges of stealing documents have been verified. Operational tactics are limited only by the party's resources. A commonly used tactic is impersonation; members become quite adept at posing as reporters or functionaries. "You'd be amazed at the information you can elicit from someone over the phone," says a defector, "by telling him you're McGeorge Bundy's secretary."

The party has not hesitated to collaborate with field intelligence structures. Beginning in 1974, field officers have been instructed to brief local police on the activities of political enemies. Since then the U.S.L.P. has admittedly acted as informer for both urban and state intelligence units. It was the National Caucus of Labor Committees' briefing of Philadelphia Mayor Frank Rizzo, predicting a terrorist disruption of the Bicentennial celebration, that led to his request for Federal troops. Despite the inaccuracy of its briefing, the National Caucus in a subsequent ten-page "Open Letter to Philadelphia Police" nevertheless claimed credit for the peaceful character of the demonstrations because "after the Labor Party informed Mayor Rizzo [of the alleged planned violence], the Mayor acted to defuse the situation by focusing national attention on that danger."

The police violence that erupted in 1977 at the Seabrook, New Hampshire, nuclear plant and the mass arrest of demonstrators there was a direct result of Labor Party briefings of state police officials and Gov. Meldrim Thomson. New Hampshire state police documents released to the Clamshell Alliance under the Freedom of Information Act reveal that the police eagerly accepted briefings provided by the party's Massachusetts operatives, Larry Sherman and Graham Lowry, the latter a perennial U.S.L.P. candidate for state office in the Bay State. "These two very well-informed gentlemen felt that the planned demonstration . . . is nothing but a cover for terrorist activity," reads the report. "The method of operation will be the same as recently used at a bloody antinuclear power plant demonstration in West Germany."

The U.S.L.P. has also collaborated with Federal agencies. Initial denunciation of F.B.I. surveillance (as a tactic of the Rockefeller conspiracy) has given way in the Labor Party's counterterrorist phase to a new amity. Released Bureau files show that the U.S.L.P. has instigated security checks of individuals and groups and fed material into the Bureau's files designed to discredit them and assure continuing surveillance.

Although the LaRouchites are filled with "a gall which coins slander like a mint," in Shakespeare's words, they are quick to cry foul when attacked. Litigation is a favorite tactic. It brings publicity and provides an outlet for boundless self-righteousness. The libel suit is the chosen instrument for striking back at critics. Such lawsuits have not, as far as we are able to discover, resulted in any favorable verdicts, but multimillion-dollar damage suits do promote internal solidarity and a fresh effusion of hortatory headlines and leaflets. Perhaps more important, they silence critics: three groups that are involved in litigation with the party refused to talk to us.

The Labor Party and National Caucus have a total membership of well under 800 committed adherents; the total vote for LaRouche in the last Presidential election did not exceed 45,000. This year, despite the receipt of more than half a million dollars in Federal matching funds for his Presidential bid (gained through the diversion of party-member contributions into the campaign), LaRouche's effort has dived into obscurity. Yet the party's significance cannot be measured by its size or current influence. LaRouche and his followers have revitalized, expanded and politicized an essentially static conspiracy tradition and paranoid style. Their drive to exploit fears and to organize a pronuclear constituency may well provide permanent agendas for ultraconservative politics. They have brought elections and lawsuits into the arsenal of rightist weapons. What seems clear is that this powerless group has opened new trails in the dark side of America, providing a roadmap for fascist-style demagogy in a period of social tension. And the pattern is chillingly complete—down to a power-obsessed leader, the megapolitics of fantasy and a zombie-like following. □

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AMERICA TILTS EAST

Disengaging From Europe

ALAN WOLFE

Despite the public pledges of support emanating from the recently concluded meeting of the advanced industrial powers in Venice, major policy differences divide the Western alliance for the first time since World War II. No number of staged photographs will overcome the impact of President Jimmy Carter's letter to Helmut Schmidt of the Federal Republic of Germany suggesting that the Chancellor's thoughts of delaying deployment of theater nuclear weapons show an insufficiently cultivated fear of the Soviet threat; the Administration's petulance at France's Valéry Giscard d'Estaing for daring to meet privately with Leonid Brezhnev, and Secretary of State Edmund Muskie's desperate attempts to prevent a European peace initiative in the Middle East, as if preserving the "Camp David process" were more important than arranging a settlement. Western Europe no longer automatically follows the United States the way a U-Haul trailer follows a car, and that may be the most important fallout from the crises of the past year.

Were he elected President, Ronald Reagan would probably wish good riddance to the Europeans. The Republican Party of 1980 seems to have been captured by men who show little respect for the special relationship that has existed between Europe and North America since D-Day. There are hints from the Reagan camp of an American alliance, one that would seek oil from Mexico and trade with Canada and the countries of Latin America. (The United States has more trade with Latin America than it does with Europe in any case.) In addition, Reagan carries forward a conservative sympathy toward Asia, that curious strain of California Republicanism once associated with William Knowland of *The Oakland Tribune.* Relations between the Reagan camp and the Government of Taiwan are already so close that the first major problem of a Reagan Presidency would be how to prevent a right-wing revolt while stepping up ties with the Chinese mainland. A Republican victory in 1980 foreshadows a shift in American interest from Europe to the Far East.

Running for re-election against Reagan, Carter has been engaged in a systematic quest to pre-empt the ground of the Republican right by adopting its major programs. It is little noticed that, with his characteristic doggedness, Carter has carried this pattern forward into his Asia policy. Recent evidence from Washington indicates that the Carter Administration, frustrated by its failure to convince the Europeans of its own distorted view of the world, has decided to orient its support toward the Far East. The Asia-firsters have returned, but, for the first time in the twentieth century, in the guise of the Democratic Party.

In April, the Carter Administration decided to place the defense of Asia on an equal footing with that of Europe. Previously, American naval forces were deployed in what was called a "swing strategy"—those ships and planes located in the Far East would be shifted to Europe in case of a major East-West confrontation. An offhand story by Richard Burt in *The New York Times* suggested that the Carter Administration had abandoned the swing strategy in favor of an emphasis on protecting the sea lanes around Japan. When he inquired at the Pentagon about the significance of this move, John Edwards, a Washington correspondent of the *Far Eastern Economic Review*, was handed a short piece of paper spelling out the strategic implications. "Last year," the paper said, "we informed the Nato allies that we were reviewing the swing strategy to see if such plans to swing automatically forces from the Pacific to Europe were appropriate in the light of the worldwide Soviet threat. Based on our review we determined that, because of the potential importance of naval forces in many theatres throughout the world, those Pacific forces may be needed somewhere other than Europe should a worldwide conflict break out between East and West. This possibility has become increasingly important in the light of the deteriorating security situation in Southeast Asia."

To appreciate the importance of these views, one must first recognize that geopolitical strategies have political and economic significance beyond their military meaning. The abandonment of the swing strategy, as Edwards rightly concludes, reflects the Administration's feeling that Japan is a more worthwhile and reliable ally than West Germany. (The recent Japanese election, in which conservative Liberal Democrats won an unobstructed victory for the first time in thirty years, will reinforce this perception.) Moreover, the swing strategy was adopted when Western Europe was a leading trade partner of the United States; the shift away from it comes at a time when, as then U.S. Commander in Chief in the Pacific Adm. Maurice Weisner testified last year, "Japan is now our leading overseas trading partner."

Since the Carter Administration came into office intoxicated by the fumes of Trilateralism, which suggested a resumption of American interest in both Europe and Japan, movement toward an Asia-first strategy requires a repudiation of previously adopted policies. But since this Administration is expert at rejecting what it first advocated, such policy reversals have not been difficult to effect. Three important attempts to backtrack might be noted in the context of a re-evaluation of a Europe-first strategy. First, after a highly publicized attempt to remove troops from South Korea, the Carter Administration no longer favors such a move; indeed, with the recent internal crisis in that country, Carter's military advisers are bringing up lurid images of the

Alan Wolfe, a member of The Nation*'s Editorial Board, teaches sociology at Queens College and has recently written* The Rise and Fall of the Soviet Threat *(Institute for Policy Studies).*

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Korean War, as if North Korea had any intention of launching a military invasion against the South. (North Korea, like China, has discovered the virtues of conservative accommodation in its foreign policy, and while it may seek to gain from the chaos below its border, it is unlikely to take any action that would upset the current equilibrium.)

Second, after some talk about demilitarizing the Third World, the Carter Administration is beefing up naval forces in Asia. Although the Administration has directed its Rapid Deployment Force to the Middle East and is busily providing arms to Somalia, Kenya and Oman, it has not forgotten its friends in the Far East. Having moved the aircraft carrier *Midway* from its Japanese base to the Indian Ocean, the Administration, at the urging of Richard Holbrooke's East Asian division of the State Department, has been seeking to base another carrier in the Western Pacific. Although the base has not been chosen—Singapore, Cockburn Sound, Guam, Subic Bay and Sasebo have been mentioned—there is no doubt about the price: it will cost the United States a billion dollars or more to create a base that could house up to 10,000 Americans.

Finally, whichever administration, Carter's or Reagan's, pursues an Asia-first strategy will discover that the politics of the Far East are complicated and not given to easily digestible statements of Soviet aggression. (Russia is an Asian power as well as a European one.) To be sure, Vietnam's recent invasion of Thailand indicates that both the Russians and the Vietnamese are determined to involve themselves outside their borders. But does this mean that the United States should support the wrong side in Cambodia out of geopolitical considerations? Does it mean firming up links with China, despite the effect this would have on future effort toward détente and arms control? Events in Asia are extraordinarily complex, as the United States discovered in Vietnam but is now trying to forget. More and more we will hear American Presidents apply European metaphors (the Berlin Airlift? the Marshall Plan?) to Asia, which will only confuse and embitter the American public when the countries of the Far East do not respond by interpreting all events as the outgrowth of Soviet-American competition. Unlike Europe, three powers can dominate Asia: the United States, Russia and China, and this fact alone will make it difficult for an American President to "sell" an Asia policy based upon simplistic slogans.

There was a time in the recent past when the United States was so overwhelmingly powerful, economically and militarily, that it could have launched a two-tiered strategy covering both Asia and Europe. Attempts to expand the Pentagon budget over the next five years will enable the United States to continue to play the role of a two-theater giant. But the economic costs may act as a constraint, particularly at a time of ever-quickening stagflation. If the United States reaches a point where it can no longer satisfy cold-war spending requirements in both theaters, it will have to trade off one for the other. Under these circumstances, which Europeans understand full well, the recent flirtation with Asia by the Carter Administration can only reinforce European sentiment that this Administration is not to be trusted.

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In the long run, the positive fallout from the return of an Asia-first strategy will be to force Europe to do what it should have done long ago: move toward a more neutral position between the Soviet Union and the United States. In its anger over Europe's failure to follow its lead, Washington only confirms Europe's sense that America's lead is not worth following.

President Carter has come a long way in four years. He ran for President as a Trilateralist critical of the neglect that Richard Nixon and John Connally showed toward NATO. As he has done in so many areas, from fighting inflation to fighting Communism, the President has become the most consistent advocate of a point of view that he once denounced. □

THE SAINTS GO MARCHIN' IN

Mormonism Inc.

BOB GOTTLIEB and PETER WILEY

Salt Lake City

Thousands of singing voices—most of them belonging to men attired in the standard missionary uniform of brown, blue, or gray suits—greeted Easter morning under the spacious dome of the Tabernacle in downtown Salt Lake City. But when the famous Mormon Tabernacle Choir concluded its weekly broadcast over CBS radio and the joyous voices trailed off in an amen, the Mormons (the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints) began celebrating their 150th year with visions of fear and apocalypse.

"We see evil forces everywhere," said Elder Bruce McConkie, a member of the church hierarchy, "united to destroy the family, to ridicule morality and decency, to glorify all that is lewd and base." There was talk of a church threatened by liars, thieves, adulterers, homosexuals and murderers. The church elders enthroned above the faithful warned of criticism by the church's enemies, which was likened to the vicious persecution of the followers of Joseph Smith when the Saints were a small nineteenth-century frontier cult. The church today is an entrenched power in the Rocky Mountain West and seeks a greater voice on the national scene. With 4.3 million members, 30,000 missionaries operating worldwide and seven new temples in Latin America and the Pacific Basin, the Saints call themselves the fastest growing church in America.

In Utah, they are a state within the state. Seventy-two percent of the population is Mormon, as is 80 percent of the legislature and all of the Congressional delegation. In Idaho, where their influence extends into the rich agricultural lands of the southern part of the state, Marion Callister, the Federal judge hearing a suit challenging the proposed Equal Rights Amendment, is a high-level church official. In Arizona, church influence, spawned in the 100-year-old Mormon town of Mesa, predates the rise of Phoenix and can be measured by the Saints' involvement in state politics and the church's role as the third largest stockholder in Arizona Public Service, the state's major utility. In Nevada, where Las Vegas is another old Mormon town, Mormons are influential in the legislature, holding key positions such as Senate majority leader, while other members of the brethren are heavily involved in the gambling industry as investors, executives and state gambling control officers. And in California, the second most populous Mormon state, with 400,000 members, church influence is centered in the rapidly growing areas of San Jose, Sacramento and Orange County.

The church's vast economic holdings are on a par with many of the country's largest corporations. Members faithfully contribute 10 percent of their gross incomes. Church-owned businesses include four insurance companies; a major agribusiness corporation; a huge media conglomerate with a book publishing company, book stores, a media consulting company and fourteen commercial TV and radio stations (including stations in New York City, Chicago, Los Angeles, Kansas City, Dallas, Seattle and San Francisco as well as the CBS TV and radio outlets in Salt Lake plus the city's afternoon daily); woolen mills and other manufacturing outlets; numerous shopping malls; a computer company, and a major real estate operation known as Zions Securities. In addition, the church, either through several corporations or its stakes (parishes), owns hundreds of thousands of acres of valuable urban real estate and prime farmland.

In the nineteenth century both Joseph Smith and Brigham Young preached a kind of theocratic communitarianism, and church historians have pointed out that the church played a role in the economic growth of the areas under Mormon influence similar to a modern central government in an underdeveloped country. As a result, the church's top leadership has interlocking ties with a number of local and national resource-based corporations with a heavy stake in energy-rich Utah.

When W. Averell Harriman recently brought a tour of top Union Pacific officials to Salt Lake, he entertained church president Spencer Kimball as well as the Governor's wife. (The Governor, Scott Matheson, is a former Union Pacific attorney.) The Union Pacific's ties with the church date back to the days of the opening of the transcontinental railroad. Young organized local church leaders and members to work on the roadbed under contract to the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific. Soon after the church-supervised construction of a number of local lines was completed, they were sold to the Union Pacific. Since then, the church has been represented almost continuously on the railroad's board by a member of the hierarchy. Church leaders and financial advisers also sit on the boards of Kennecott, First

Bob Gottlieb and Peter Wiley are writing a book on politics and economic power in the Western Sunbelt, to be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons next year, and a follow-up book on the Mormon Church. Research for this article was supported in part by the Fund for Investigative Journalism in Washington, D.C.

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Security Corporation, Mountain Fuel and Gas Supply and Utah Power and Light.

Utah Power and Light was originally started with church funds, then was sold to the Harriman interests, and finally came under the control of a number of prominent Mormon businessmen. Today the church owns a large bloc of Utah Power stock and, according to an executive with the utility, has influenced the company to place more church members on the board of directors.

Up to now the key figure in the church's business operations has been Nathan Eldon Tanner, the first counselor to president Kimball. Tanner, in turn, is closely advised by J. Willard Marriott of the hotel chain and former Secretary of the Treasury David Kennedy. Tanner, a Canadian oilman who built one of the first Canadian oil pipelines and served as the Speaker of the Assembly in Alberta, began to exert his influence in the 1960s when he led an effort to reorganize the church hierarchy along corporate lines. Since his arrival in Salt Lake, a second level of leadership drawn from the corporate and academic worlds has been set up below the highest levels of the church's hierarchy, which is dominated by the very elderly members of the three-man First Presidency and the Council of the Twelve Apostles.

The church is under constant pressure, according to one church official, to give up what he called a passive investment strategy and get involved in areas that contribute to the future growth of the regional economy. Although the church holds an impressive portfolio of blue-chip stocks through Zions Securities and its insurance companies, its investments over the years have hardly been passive. For instance, it has favored investment in utilities like Arizona Public Service and Utah Power and Light, according to one church official, because local utilities have a chronic shortage of capital. With new capital, Arizona Public Service and Utah Power have made a twenty-year bid to become major suppliers of electricity for the regional market and energy-hungry California. Both utilities were participants in the ill-fated Kaiparowitz project, which involved building in southern Utah the world's largest coal-fired plant. According to one participant in the project, the church assigned a top leader to build support for Kaiparowitz in the small Mormon towns of southern Utah. Church spokesman Jerry Cahill says, however, that the church took no position on the giant power project.

Today Utah Power is a major participant in the Intermountain Power Project (known as "son of Kaiparowitz"). Work will soon begin in central Utah on the world's largest coal-fired plant.

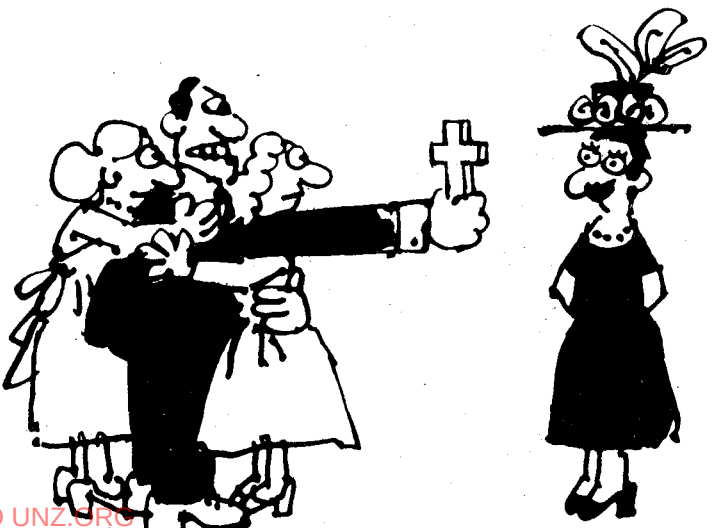
"We do not own nor do we seek controlling interest in any major national company," Tanner explained in 1975. Cahill emphasized that the church's wealth is based on its members' ability to work together and has been accumulated for their benefit. Indeed, the church has built an elaborate cradle-to-grave welfare system that employs its poorer members on church-owned farms and in church-owned factories.

The Mormons are also heavily involved in politics, although the official line is that political involvement is limited to "moral issues," which the church defines to embrace the E.R.A., abortion and anti-union right-to-work campaigns. This position protects their nonprofit status, and their nonprofit status keeps all information about their business activities out of the public record.

In the E.R.A.-abortion-homosexuality-profamily spectrum of issues, the church is taking a more aggressive posture, as evidenced by the excommunication of Sonia Johnson for criticizing anti-E.R.A. tactics. It is widely recognized that the church was instrumental in defeating the E.R.A. in Nevada, and, according to Cahill, since the church urged its members to join the fight against E.R.A. two years ago, Mormons have played a prominent role in defeating the amendment in Florida and Virginia. (The church, in fact, is under investigation by the Florida Secretary of State's office for its financial activities in helping defeat an E.R.A. referendum in the state in 1978.) Future campaigns are being readied in Missouri, Illinois and Arizona even though the church's activities are raising questions about its privileged nonprofit status. In Western states where church influence is strong, the brethren have taken on organizations like Planned Parenthood and attacked institutions like day care and school breakfast programs, which some Mormon leaders dub the "bad mothers" program.

Political leadership comes from the very top of the church hierarchy. Recently, the church organized the Special Affairs Committee to deal with issues, particularly national and international issues, that might "impact on church interests," as one key church operative put it. The committee consists of former railroad executive Gordon Hinckley, former Mayor of Palo Alto, California, James Faust and former Central Intelligence Agency man and University of Utah vice president Neal Maxwell. They have taken stands on issues affecting Utah such as energy and water development, the 160-acre limit on Federal reclamation projects and the Indian Child Welfare Act.

Salt Lake City Mayor Ted Wilson is typical of Utah politicians when he says that the church does not involve itself in politics. In the next breath, Wilson explains that he will be holding a meeting with the Special Affairs Committee over a park bond or that his interim budget director and princi-



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pal fund-raiser also happens to be the church's comptroller. A number of politicians told us that they "cleared" their candidacies with the Special Affairs Committee to at least assure that the church would not oppose them, since its opposition is considered the kiss of death in Utah politics.

When Mormons at the sesquicentennial celebration were called upon to vote for their leaders, 10,000 hands shot up in unison without a dissenting vote; it was an eerie scene. The church emphasizes discipline and obedience to the patriarchy, and Mormons consider the family the basis of their organization. Church leaders urge their members to have large families, and preach the need for strict separation of sex roles with the father acting as lawgiver and provider and the mother as childbearer and nurturer. As a result, Utah has the highest birthrate in the country, with families averaging 4.2 children.

Beyond the family, the church has erected a tight hierarchical superstructure. Mormon documents list more than 100,000 people in leadership positions, and one Florida member told a Knight News Service reporter, "The structure exists where I can make 16 calls and by the end of the day, 2,700 people will know something." Former Governor J. Bracken Lee tells the story of a flood during his term of office: "While the Red Cross was figuring out how to move people, the church had them moved. They knew everyone who had a truck. Within thirty minutes every Mormon in the church had the word."

The Mormon political outlook today is conservative, probusiness, prodevelopment and on social issues vigorously opposed to women's liberation and related movements. But beneath this apparent consensus a fundamental debate is taking place which pits the next generation of modern corporate managers against a more virulent right-wing grouping under the leadership of Ezra Taft Benson, Secretary of Agriculture under President Dwight Eisenhower. Benson, hale and hearty at 81, is the number-two man in the hierarchy and next in the line of succession for the church presidency.

Benson is not the only member of the Quorum of Twelve who associates with the apocalyptic politics of the right, but he is the key. Just a few weeks before the 150th Conference he said in a speech at Brigham Young University that the words of the living prophet, as the president of the church is known, could supplant those of the dead. Benson went on to say that the prophet could indeed be involved in civic matters and that "when a people are righteous they want the best to lead them in government." Benson then warned, "Those who would remove prophets from politics would take God out of government."

Benson's words have indeed frightened some of the more liberal members of the church who, as one leading church academic wryly declared, pray, along with some of the more moderate members of the Twelve, "that the good Lord will take Brother Benson before He takes Brother Kimball." Other church members who oppose Benson's politics argue that the office, like the Presidency of the United States, will have a leavening effect on the right-wing firebrand and that his politics will be institutionalized in the corporate church.

But Benson shows no signs of toning down either his rhetoric or his politics. His family, led by sons Reed and Mark, is still heavily involved in extreme right-wing groups such as the Salt Lake-based Freemen Institute [see following article]. His talks at church meetings link right-wing political imagery with apocalyptic religious allusions.

Despite the church's remarkable successes and the emergence of Salt Lake City as a major energy capital, church leaders nevertheless act as if under siege—a middle-class force, alienated, fearful, but highly organized and motivated, and ready to strike back. With fear and trepidation, the Mormons face the future poised to do battle in a land where they see "evil and crime and carnality covering the earth," where "iniquity abounds" and where "there is no peace on earth." □

A MORMON PAC?

The Freemen Institute

JOHN HARRINGTON

Ezra Taft Benson, president of the Mormon Church's Council of the Twelve Apostles (the second highest ruling body in the church) has been well chronicled as a supporter of right-wing causes. He openly supported the John Birch Society in the 1960s and, more recently, has been characterized as the "ecclesiastical guiding light" of the Freemen Institute, the group that is generally believed to be the successor to the Birch Society in Utah and the Intermountain region.

Benson is closely linked with W. Cleon Skousen, the Freemen Institute founder, a former Federal Bureau of Investigation agent, a Brigham Young University professor and the author of the cold-war-era best seller, *The Naked Communist.* Skousen says his Freemen Institute is a "nonprofit, tax-exempt educational foundation dedicated to the preservation of the U.S. Constitution." But the institute, founded on July 4, 1971, has become a political force of religious tone capable of influencing the outcome of elections and legislation on the local, state and national levels. The institute has been able to recruit thousands of adherents through seminars it offers throughout the country.

Skousen teaches, among other things, that the U.S. Supreme Court has been directed by powerful special interest groups to alter the meaning of the Constitution by adding amendments and making constitutional decisions based on authority that the Court delegated to itself. That authority came, says Skousen, through judicial rulings that twisted

John Harrington is a reporter for The Ogden Standard-Examiner *in Ogden, Utah. His work has appeared in* The Washington Post.

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the law and changed the Founding Fathers' intent.

The underlying theme of the seminars is Skousen's teaching that a Communist/socialist threat of an undisclosed nature stands ready to move in, create confusion and destroy the Constitution and the country. Throughout hundreds of pages of seminar transcripts, Skousen and many Freemen Institute instructors talk of the impending doom, quoting the late Mormon Church president David O. McKay that "the Constitution will hang, as it were, by a thread." The Freemen Institute has cast itself as savior.

Telling Freemen gatherings repeatedly that his work of rescuing the Constitution was given to him by McKay, Skousen has attempted to create an unofficial link to the Mormon Church. The claims of a divine mission to rescue the Constitution assigned by McKay have been refuted by McKay's own son Robert, who said he is certain his father never conferred any mission on Skousen. Yet that contention has served to draw Mormon members to institute seminars, enabling it to branch out as far as South Africa. (Skousen, following a trip to that country, offered some insight into his thinking to *The Salt Lake Tribune*, deeming apartheid necessary and terming the segregated public bathrooms assigned to blacks in that country as "just filthy.")

Skousen's efforts to build the political viability of his institute have relied heavily on linkage to the Mormon Church. Skousen denies he has used the church or any of its officers to lend legitimacy to the Freemen Institute, but his ties to Benson, whom one church member and political observer termed "the Godfather" of the institute, have raised fears among observers that Benson's accession to the church presidency could lead to official church approval of Skousen and the Freemen Institute's brand of McCarthy-style political thought and teaching.

The frequent appearance of Benson as a speaker at Freemen functions has done nothing to discourage the impression that there exists some link between Skousen, his institute and the Mormon Church, despite repeated official disclaimers from church presidents stating that the church takes no partisan political position.

Skousen's political line is aided not only by his proximity to Benson and his reputation in far-right political circles. While he rakes the Government in spoken and written word, his institute basks in the public trust of a Federal tax exemption. A close examination of the organization has produced evidence of political campaign participation, expressly prohibited by U.S. Code 501(c)(3), which governs the activities of Federally tax-exempt educational foundations. In addition, the institute has successfully participated in defeating major legislation in the U.S. Senate, according to longtime Skousen friend and institute supporter Senator Orrin Hatch, Republican of Utah.

Hatch said at a February Freemen banquet in Scottsdale, Arizona, that Skousen and 70,000 Freemen "played a noble role" in the defeat of Senator Birch Bayh's constitutional amendment to abolish the Electoral College. Hatch's speech amounted to a public indictment of Freemen activities in view of the tax statutes. Skousen hastily denied Hatch's statement from the dais only moments after the Senator had concluded his speech, claiming a Freemen political arm called the Informed Voters' League organized the effort.

Skousen had been questioned previously about apparent violations of tax codes for lobbying and campaigning. Skousen's sudden denial of Hatch's praise was in direct contrast to Skousen's claims in a July 1979 seminar that it was indeed a Freemen Institute "telephone tree" that had flooded Senate offices with calls in a successful attempt to persuade senators to vote against the Bayh amendment.

Skousen's political-religious ties to Mormon Congressmen Hatch, George Hansen, Steven Symms and Dan Marriott have helped enhance the Freemen Institute's acceptance outside Utah. And Skousen's practice of taking advantage of religious ties has not been overlooked by current Mormon Church president Spencer Kimball and his counselors, Marion Romney and Nathan Eldon Tanner.

The church has officially directed all bishops, stake presidents and branch presidents in the United States not to allow Freemen meetings to be conducted in church buildings or to be announced in church or in official literature in order to discourage the implication that the church officially approves of what is said at such lectures.

Fears that a Benson presidency would totally politicize the church and allow Skousen to operate under official church approval may be unfounded, one observer noted. The right wing in Utah depends on Benson for strength, leadership and protection from political attack. Without Benson, observers believe the right wing would fall prey to vigorous opposition. On August 4 Benson was 81. □

"I urge all my friends to give their support to this growing and fighting union of the poor. It's doing some damn fine work."

—Pete Seeger

Against overwhelming odds, the 7,000-member strong New York City Unemployed and Welfare Council has battled for five years to defend New York's welfare population in their daily struggle to survive. As a growing union, it is organizing to win collective bargaining rights for a swelling and permanent underclass. More than ever it needs the support of all progressive people.

Please send your contributions today to:

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Memoirs

(Continued From Front Cover)

regards women who sell their bodies or whose bodies are sold by others. These fashions are reflected in the literature of the last three centuries. Whether because of the intrinsic importance of the subject, or because of its salacious possibilities, or because the stories of such women lend themselves to the narrative and dramatic arts, fallen women are among the most popular characters in all literature. Moreover, some of these fictional women have seemed to burst out of the pages of literature, becoming emblematic figures for social reformers of their times, much as Lovelace has been taken up as a representative figure by some feminists.

First place, chronologically and in some other ways too, belongs to Daniel Defoe's heroines Moll Flanders and Roxana. They use their bodies to surmount desperate circumstances. In Moll's case, it is a life of "service," which is the best she can expect as the abandoned daughter of a woman "transported to the plantations" as punishment for theft; with Roxana, it is a life of penury, the usual fate of a woman with five children abandoned after eight years of marriage by a wastrel of a husband. The only path to a good life for such women in eighteenth-century England, Defoe informs us through Moll and Roxana, whose tales are told autobiographically, is to exploit their bodies. But Moll and Roxana are not tragic heroines. They are resolute and resourceful women who do what they must. In today's cliché, they would be called survivors. Neither seems to take much pleasure in the sexual side of her adventures; they derive satisfaction primarily from their material success, especially Roxana who, like Samuel Pepys, periodically calculates the advances in her net worth.

Far from condemning his heroines for exploiting their bodies, Defoe employs their stories to condemn the way men treat women, which makes it necessary for them to resort to prostitution to achieve economic independence. Many of the lines Defoe gives his women suggest his feminist sympathies, as when Roxana tells a suitor that she thinks "a woman was a free agent as well as a man, and was born free, and, could she manage herself suitably, might enjoy that liberty to as much purpose as the men do"; when she asserts, "that the very nature of the marriage-contract was, in short, nothing but giving up liberty, estate, authority, and everything to the man, and the woman was indeed a mere woman ever after—that is to say, a slave," and when she says, "that while a woman was single, she was a masculine in her politic capacity; that she had then the full command of what she had, and the full direction of what she did . . . that she was controlled by none, because accountable to none, and was in subjection to none."

Nineteenth-century novelists paint a different picture. Typically, their prostitute-heroines are virtuous women coerced into their trade by brutal men. They almost never control their own destinies like Moll and Roxana. Nancy in *Oliver Twist*, though her career is only described obliquely because of the prudish conventions of England in the 1830s, is one of the earliest of these tragic heroines. Dickens tells us that she was led into her way of life "step by step, deeper and deeper down into an abyss of crime and misery whence there was no escape." Like many prostitutes with hearts of gold in nineteenth-century fiction, she breaks with her evil associates and, shortly thereafter, dies an untimely death, murdered by Bill Sikes. Esther Gobseck, the virtuous prostitute in Honoré de Balzac's *Splendeurs et misères des courtisanes*, commits suicide moments before she can be informed that she has inherited seven million francs from a rich relative. Marguerite Gautier of Alexandre Dumas's *La dame aux camélias* dies of tuberculosis. Fleur-de-Marie, abducted from her aristocratic family, plied with liquor and sold into prostitution in Eugène Sue's *Les Mystères de Paris* ("undoubtedly the most popular novel of the 19th century," according to Peter Brooks), succumbs to a mysterious illness shortly after breaking with her way of life to enter a con-

NAKED AUTHOR

Mike McGrady, Lovelace's co-author and the object of praise by Steinem and other feminists for helping her tell her story, is identified on the dust jacket of *Ordeal* as "the chief catalyst" of *Naked Came the Stranger*. For those who may have forgotten, *Naked* was a very popular porn novel published in 1969. It was also a hoax. Purportedly the work of "Penelope Ashe," identified on its dust jacket as "a demure Long Island housewife," it was actually written by twenty-five reporters and editors of *Newsday*, a leading Long Island newspaper. McGrady enlisted his colleagues in this enterprise with a memorandum inviting them to become co-authors of a best-selling novel that would have "an unremitting emphasis on sex."

Naked became the best seller McGrady anticipated. According to *The New York Times*, it sold 20,000 hardcover copies within two weeks of publication and the paperback rights were sold for $127,500—when that was a very large sum. *The Times*, which headed its account "Does Sex Sell? Ask Penelope Ashe," also reported that "twenty producers and directors are competing for the movie rights."

The theme of *Naked* is similar to Lovelace's *Deep Throat*. A woman craves sexual satisfaction. Her search leads to sexual relations with a large number of men. Both works try to be funny, their labored humor deriving from the assortment of male types enjoying sex with their heroines and the settings of the encounters. Like *Ordeal*, *Naked* was issued by Lyle Stuart, Inc., publisher of the sensational.

Aryeh Neier, a member of the The Nation*'s Editorial Board, is adjuct professor of law at New York University and director of the New York Institute for the Humanities*

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vent. Edmond de Goncourt's *La Fille Élisa* dies in a prison hospital, demented by the institution's system of enforced silence. And Maggie, the pathetic heroine of Stephen Crane's *Maggie: A Girl of the Streets*, drowns herself. (Even the century's most notable literary example of a nonvirtuous prostitute, Emile Zola's Nana, meets an early death—of smallpox: the pustules disfiguring her once beautiful face symbolize her inner corruption.) Death redeems these heroines f om woman's worst fate: the violation of her body.

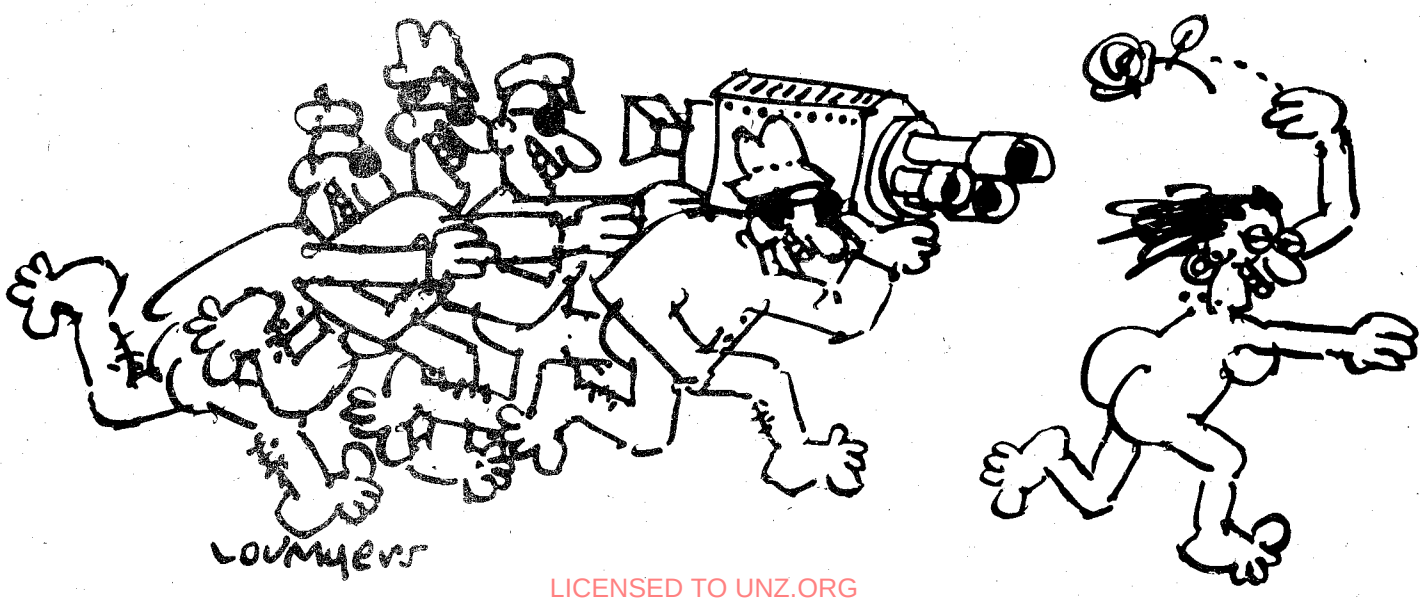
As the nineteenth century drew to a close, a few authors discarded the convention of the prostitute-victim and replaced her with heroines who had more in common with Moll and Roxana. Theodore Dreiser's turn-of-the-century novel *Sister Carrie* was at first thought so shocking that its original publisher all but scuttled the first edition. Since the book is not sexually explicit (even by the standard of its day) the scandal apparently lay in the narrative. Carrie, an attractive young woman from a small town in Wisconsin, goes to Chicago to live with her married sister and to earn her living. Discouraged by the miserable opportunities her time provides to working women, she readily gives up sweat-shop labor and moves in with a traveling salesman she met on the train to Chicago. The arrangement is a triumph for the salesman but Carrie thinks she ought to feel guilty. (" 'Oh,' thought Drouet, 'how delicious is my conquest.' 'Ah,' thought Carrie, with mournful misgivings, 'what is it I have lost,' ") Yet her delight in the finery the salesman provides for her quickly overcomes any sense of remorse.

While her salesman is out on the road, Carrie develops a relationship with Hurstwood, an older man of higher social standing. His interest in her, like the salesman's, is in making a conquest. Her interest in him is that he appears able to help her live more luxuriously than the salesman. Hurstwood abandons his family and his job and steals from his employer to run off with her. After installing her in an apartment in New York City, things go bad for him. Desperate for money, Carrie uses her good looks to get a job as a chorus girl and becomes a hit on the stage. Resentful of having to share her earnings with the man who gave up everything to run off with her—by this time Hurstwood is down and out—Carrie abandons him. At the end of the book, he dies a pauper's death while she reigns as the toast of New York.

What was shocking about *Sister Carrie* was its heroine's failure to come to a bad end. Dreiser did not kill Carrie off—whether by murder, suicide, a mysterious disease, or a broken heart—to punish her for exploiting her looks to advance herself. She is not so degraded by promiscuity that she must die to achieve redemption. We leave her in control of her own life while Hurstwood, the man who made a fool of himself for an amorous conquest, dies tragically.

Even more shocking in its time was George Bernard Shaw's early play *Mrs. Warren's Profession*. Like Carrie, Moll and Roxana, Mrs. Warren's choice is dictated by the denial of economic opportunities to women. But also like them, she pursues her career not with a sense of victimization but with a sense of triumph. As she explains her choice of a profession to her daughter, "If you have a turn for music, or the stage, or newspaper writing: that's different. But neither Liz [her sister] nor I had a turn for such things: all we had was our appearance and our turn for pleasing men. Do you think we were such fools as to let other people trade in our good looks by employing us as shopgirls, or barmaids, or waitresses, when we could trade in them ourselves and get all the profits instead of starvation wages? Not likely."

Shaw set out to challenge nineteenth-century thinking about prostitutes. As he wrote subsequently in a preface, "*Mrs. Warren's Profession* was written in 1894 to draw attention to the truth that prostitution is caused not by female depravity and male licentiousness, but simply by underpaying, undervaluing and overworking women so shamefully that the poorest of them are forced to resort to prostitution to keep body and soul together." Yet by itself, the exposition of that view would not have caused a great scandal. As it was, it took eight years until *Mrs. Warren's Profession* could be staged in London and a year longer before it could be performed in New York City. When it finally opened in



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New York, the police raided it and arrested the producer and the members of the company.

Mrs. Warren's Profession is even less sexually explicit than *Sister Carrie.* In deference to the censors, even the word to describe the profession of Mrs. Warren is never mentioned. What was shocking about the play, apparently, is that Mrs. Warren does not suffer for her sins; she enjoys herself. Convention demanded, as Shaw wrote in the preface, that prostitutes "shall, at the end of the play, die of consumption to the sympathetic tears of the whole audience, or step into the next room to commit suicide, or at least be turned out by their protectors, passed on to be 'redeemed' by old and faithful lovers." Mrs. Warren does not die because Shaw, an ardent feminist, did not think her reason for existence disappeared simply because she had sullied her body sexually.

Linda Lovelace's story fits the convention against which Shaw rebelled nearly a century ago. While she hasn't died, she reports that she has endured such misery and physical debilitation that even nineteenth-century censors might concede that she has suffered enough. As a further sign of her redemption, *Ordeal* concludes with an epilogue in which Lovelace tells us, "Today, after finishing this, I'm going to clean my house. I've borrowed a vacuum cleaner for the afternoon and the thought of doing that gives me a great deal of pleasure. I'm a cleanliness nut, and if my little house isn't spotless, I get very upset." In *Ms.*, Steinem vouchsafes that "Linda takes time out from cleaning her tiny house on Long Island ('I clean twice a day,' she says proudly) to do interviews, to send out a message of hope and strength to other women who are living in sexual servitude right now." In further certifying Lovelace's virtue, Steinem asks, "How can her husband stand to have a wife with such a sexual past?" and quotes Lovelace's answer approvingly: "It wasn't sexual. I never experienced any sexual pleasure, not one orgasm."

In celebrating Lovelace's preservation of her virtue through nonenjoyment and her redemption through suffering and housework, feminists like Steinem contradict feminists like Shaw. To Shaw, Mrs. Warren's sexuality did not define her; it was merely her profession. To Steinem, Lovelace's sexuality is everything; the "miracle" is that she survives despite the violation of her body. In a curious way, Steinem's perception of Lovelace resembles that of the producers of *Deep Throat*: she is solely a sexual object.

Lovelace is a great prize. *Deep Throat* is probably the most popular pornographic work ever. Steinem estimates that it grossed $600 million. While that sounds preternaturally high—nearly half again as much as *Star Wars*, the movie usually regarded as the all-time champion—unquestionably it earned a lot. *Deep Throat* symbolizes the pornography industry and enhances Lovelace's credibility as a representative of all women depicted in pornography. If she was terrorized to make her perform in *Deep Throat*, it becomes easier to believe that the practice is pervasive in the industry than if the same complaint were made by a performer in some obscure film. To my knowledge, there is no evidence that what used to be called "white slavery" is widely practiced in the United States today, though thanks to *Ordeal* and its feminist enthusiasts, the idea (if not the name) is being revived.

The assumption that many of the women who perform in pornographic movies are coerced as Lovelace was serves a double purpose. First, and most obviously, it supplies the elusive link between pornography and actual harm to women; pornography becomes merely another manifestation of rape, appearing to justify censorship. Second, and perhaps more important, it answers a question that seems to nag feminists who campaign against pornography: Are they condemning the women who take part in it? Those who believe in the sisterhood of all women prefer to limit their attacks on pornographers to the males in the business. This is difficult, unless Lovelace's ordeal is considered representative of the ordeals experienced by many or most other women taking part in pornography.

In assuming that women take part in pornography only because they are physically coerced, these feminists align themselves with the pervasive nineteenth-century belief that women are mere pawns manipulated by men. Perhaps they also repudiate as outdated the views of those like Defoe and Shaw who would not censure the prostitute because they believed that her choice of a career reflected a reasonable response to her restricted economic opportunities. Other paths to economic independence are no longer completely closed to women. But that hardly means that every woman has an alternative. Some start selling their bodies when they are too young to earn their livings any other way, among them runaways forced out by families less tolerant of sexual activity by their daughters than their sons. Women who start selling their bodies when they are older may also find few alternatives if they lack skills. And, even where alternatives are available, some women still choose pornography or prostitution. Thirty years ago, Simone de Beauvoir wrote, "As a matter of fact, the prostitute would often have been able to make a living in other ways. But if the way she has chosen does not seem to her to be the worst, that does not prove that vice is in her blood; it rather condemns a society in which this occupation is still one of those which seem the least repellent to many women. It is often asked: why does she choose it? The question is rather: why has she not chosen it?"

Those who see Lovelace as a representative figure seem to contradict de Beauvoir and to deny that women choose to take part in pornography and prostitution. The fault is exclusively male. It is not sufficient to blame men for consuming pornography and prostitution. They must also be excoriated as the subjugators of the women without whom these industries could not exist. No doubt males have much to answer for, but it is not clear that the feminist cause is advanced by insisting that any woman who exploits her body is not responsible for her own life. Lovelace may well be the victim she is portrayed as in *Ordeal*. But for women generally (as for men), Emma Goldman's advice still seems sound: "A true conception of the relation of the sexes will not admit of conqueror and conquered." □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Deep Hidden Meaning

GENE LYONS

THE SECOND COMING. *By Walker Percy. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 360 pp. $12.95.*

There are some writers one wishes to admire so much that reading their work involves an effort of the will. In putting it that way I do not want to imply that reading Walker Percy's *The Second Coming* is a chore. Quite the opposite. A reader who did not find himself charmed by the clarity of Percy's prose and the aptness of his satirical thrusts—perhaps because of their religious overtones nobody ever talks about how *funny* Percy's books are—would have to be the sort of person who reads fiction more from a sense of moral duty than for pleasure. Yet those are the sorts of readers Percy often gets, partly at least because he asks for them. An academic treatise published several years ago by Louisiana State University Press, for example, and concerning only Percy's first three novels (*The Moviegoer, The Last Gentleman* and *Love in the Ruins*) not only had 358 footnotes but advanced the rather large claim that in the pages of those novels Percy had invented nothing less than an antidote for the spiritual "malaise" of our times, a disorder both the artist and his professorial explicator discerned quite before Jimmy Carter appeared on television to embarrass everybody with the idea.

Of course no writer is responsible for his admirers, and just because Carter hit upon the "malaise" notion at a time when it seemed to be his Administration many people were sick of doesn't mean there is no such thing. Nor is it Percy's doing that Southern Literature is now a thriving small industry within English departments and must have its geniuses to serve as the subjects of monographs and doctoral dissertations. We critics have to have our Southern Novelist as well, and a Southern Catholic Novelist offers topical opportunities not to be missed. But beyond charm and diverting Large Philosophical Questions of the sort Percy hangs rhetorically on every other page—"Would the time ever come when bad was bad and good good and a man was himself and knew straight up which was which?" asks young Will Barrett in *The Last Gentleman*—I think it is time to begin wondering whether the man can actually put a novel together in a manner that readers who are not disarmed by regional or religious enthusiasm can take entirely seriously from beginning to end.

It would be possible to summarize the plot of *The Second Coming* so as to make it seem almost entirely mawkish and silly, but to do so would deny the experience of reading the novel. Percy does some things so well that most readers, I think, will make an effort to ignore their embarrassment about others and will assume a Deep Hidden Meaning beneath what seem at first to be sentimentalities of the most obvious kind. Despite my putting it so sharply I am still somewhat of two minds myself. So in the least prejudicial terms I can muster, here it is: Will Barrett (*The Second Coming* is a kind of sequel to *The Last Gentleman*) has retired early from a passionless career as a Wall Street lawyer to play golf and do charitable good works in the very pleasant and very Christian North Carolina town of Linwood. His "rich hardheaded plain decent crippled pious upstate Utica, New York" wife has died, leaving him an almost bottomless fortune and a guilty bequest to do good with it, primarily by financing an old folks home built on love-and-faith principles and run by an easily embarrassed Episcopalian priest called Father Jack. Inviting Will to a weekend retreat, the priest talks like this: "'We've got all kinds in our gang—Protestants, Catholics, Anglicans, unbelievers, Jews—all wonderful guys, the kind of guys you'd like to spend a weekend with or fishing or just shooting the breeze. We call ourselves the Montreat Mafia.'"

But Barrett has begun having difficulties of the sort that readers of *The Last Gentleman* may remember. He falls down on the golf course and has moments of dissociation and depression, longing at one moment for women he yearned for more than thirty years earlier and replaying in his mind a childhood incident in which his father shot him while bird hunting, and, believing he had killed his son, turned the gun on himself. Both survived, although the father later finished the job on himself, prompting from Percy the following quite astonishing passage:

> the double Winchester come of taking oneself into oneself, the cold-steel extension of oneself into mouth, yes, for you, for me, for us, the logical and ultimate act of fuck-you love fuck-off world, the penetration and union of perfect cold gunmetal into warm quailing mortal flesh, the coming to end all coming, brain cells which together faltered and fell short, now flowered and flew apart, flung like stars around the whole dark world.

Readers may differ in their response to this sort of prose. My own response is to wish that every state legislature in the old Confederacy make felonious the reading of Faulkner's *Absalom, Absalom!* by would-be novelists.

But I digress from the lack of prejudice I promised. Essentially, and like all Percy protagonists, Will Barrett has unfocused religious yearnings. He replays in his mind the accidental shooting—we are to believe he has not thought about it since he was a boy—and concludes his father meant to kill both of them to spare him the agony of this life. Like all Percy protagonists, too, he finds himself surrounded by believers whose faith he cannot credit, and whose good-hearted crassness he cannot imitate. With his Yankee wife he had achieved a kind of stasis: "In all honesty it was easier to believe it in cool Long Island for its very outrageousness where nobody believed anything very seriously than in hot Carolina where everybody was a Christian and found unbelief unbelievable." Alone, however, Barrett begins to wonder whether it is "possible for people to miss their lives in the same way one misses a plane" and to contemplate suicide. His golfing partners wonder what's up and one who is a physician wants to check him over in the belief he may have had a stroke.

While Barrett is wondering and remembering, the reader is introduced in alternating chapters to Allison, a young woman who has recently escaped from

Gene Lyons is an editor of Texas Monthly.

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a mental hospital after a bout of electroshock therapy and who can remember almost nothing about herself. Having passed considerable periods in a closet "going down to a white dwarf," she has forgotten even the words for things. She and Barrett encounter each other after he hits a slice into the wooded area where she is holing up in an abandoned greenhouse. From that point forward, his and Allison's lives converge.

Actually they have been a long time in converging, since young Allison, unknown at first to Barrett, is the daughter of Kitty Vaught, the Alabama cheerleader and heartbreaker of *The Last Gentleman.* Now married to a wealthy, insufferable and greedy dentist, Kitty has changed.

> When he thought of her, he thought of sitting next to her in the Alabama twilight in her father's Cadillac, her knees together, eyes cast down, silent; crossing lonesome red-clay railroad cuts filled with ironweed and violet light. But now she came shouldering up to him. She was bolder, lustier, better-looking but almost brawny, a lady golfer, brown and freckle-shouldered. Her voice was deeper, a musical whiskey-mellowed country-club voice with a laugh he didn't remember. When she sat, she straddled good-naturedly, opening her knees. When she leaned toward him, her heavy gold jewelry clunked.

I quote so generously because it is in essentially mimetic passages like these that one's impatience with Percy's ceaseless rhetorical questions yields to admiration and the desire to see him bring the novel off successfully.

Even some of the questions, while awkward in their repetitiveness and portentousness in terms of the plot, seem well worth asking. "Is this an age of belief, he reflected, a great renaissance of faith after a period of crass materialism, atheism, agnosticism, liberalism, scientism? Or is it an age of madness in which everyone believes everything?" Barrett has a daughter of "secretarial primness" who is very self-righteously born again, although "it was impossible to envision her personal encounter with Christ as other than a crisp business transaction." The daughter plans to marry a born-again Californian whose mother espouses a different faith: "An ex-Olympic swimmer, she was telling . . . how she taught children to swim before they walked. Like many Californians, she knew how to expand the particular into the general, turn a hobby into a religion, and what's more make it credible."

Despite such wonderfully diverting moments, from the time Barrett and Allison meet the novel takes a direction all but the most credulous will find troubling. After her parents have arrived by coincidence in the vicinity without knowing she is near, and while Allison begins to reinvent both language and the simplest possible life in her greenhouse in the woods—on property she has inherited and which she knows her heartless father wants to get his hands on—Barrett turns aside her mother's amorous advances and decides instead upon conducting an experiment "to settle the question of God once and for all." He will slip into a cave in the same woods near the golf course and sedate himself with drugs long enough to die unless there is overt divine intervention. But the god of Irony intervenes and Barrett gets not an answer from the deity he sought but a toothache, rendering metaphysical speculations moot. Having lost his flashlight, he stumbles about in the darkened cave and falls . . . into the greenhouse, providentially located under a ledge and connected to the cave to take advantage of the constant temperature of the air coming through the hole Barrett falls through. Although no dentist, Allison nurses him back to health. He realizes who she is, and the couple fall in love. "As insane as a French intellectual," Barrett has by chance, it seems, learned that Love is the answer to the question of "how to reenter the World"; Allison, having chosen silence as a response to her parents' indifference, is similarly delivered when the distracted attorney falls into her life. To put a fine point on the shaggy dog suicide, Barrett returns to the outside world to have a doctor friend take him down to Duke University, where a rare form of epilepsy is diagnosed and his "inappropriate longings" are brought under control by medication. I have no idea what readers are to make of that.

From the novel's opening pages we have been led to take seriously the existential broodings of a man who cannot imagine going on with ordinary life, who wonders how the people around him "manage to deceive themselves and even appear to live normally, work as usual, play golf, tell jokes, argue politics." Even at novel's end, Percy gives Barrett an interview with an aged priest who has come back from a life of missionary work in the Philippine jungles to say: "'How harsh everyone is here! How restless! How impatient! How worried! How sarcastic! How unhappy! How hateful! How pleasure-loving! How lascivious! Above all, how selfish! Why is it that we have more than any other people, are more generous with what we have, and yet are so selfish and unhappy? . . . Why is it that Americans who are the best dearest most generous people on earth are so unhappy?'" Barrett can't answer that last rhetorical question, and I cannot answer the mystery of how this extraordinarily gifted writer expects his readers to attend seriously to a conclusion in which Barrett and Allison get themselves a motel room and become lovers after a spate of dialogue whose inanity only underscores the improbability of all that has transpired to that point.

> "Do you feel a smiling ease with me as well as a sweetness for me in the deep regions?"
>
> "Yes, in the deep regions, a sweetness, as well as the smiling ease."
>
> "Is it possible that there is such a life?"

They will marry, he with his fifty million dollars and she with the property she inherited, which is said to be worth two million. They will live together in a condominium on a golf course and develop her property together with the help of two old men Barrett has located who are fed up with the living death of a nursing home and who wish once again to do useful work in the world, the sort of work Allison learned to do in her greenhouse hideaway. The rest of us will try hard not to remember that the ambiguous conclusion of *The Moviegoer,* five novels ago, featured just such a union of despair and weakness, and wish, if we have admired Percy's work in the past and entertained large hopes for it, that the end of this one *were* ambiguous or that we have misread what seems so painfully clear and that some professor of Southern Literature somewhere will come along and convince us that *The Second Coming* makes more sense than it seems to. □

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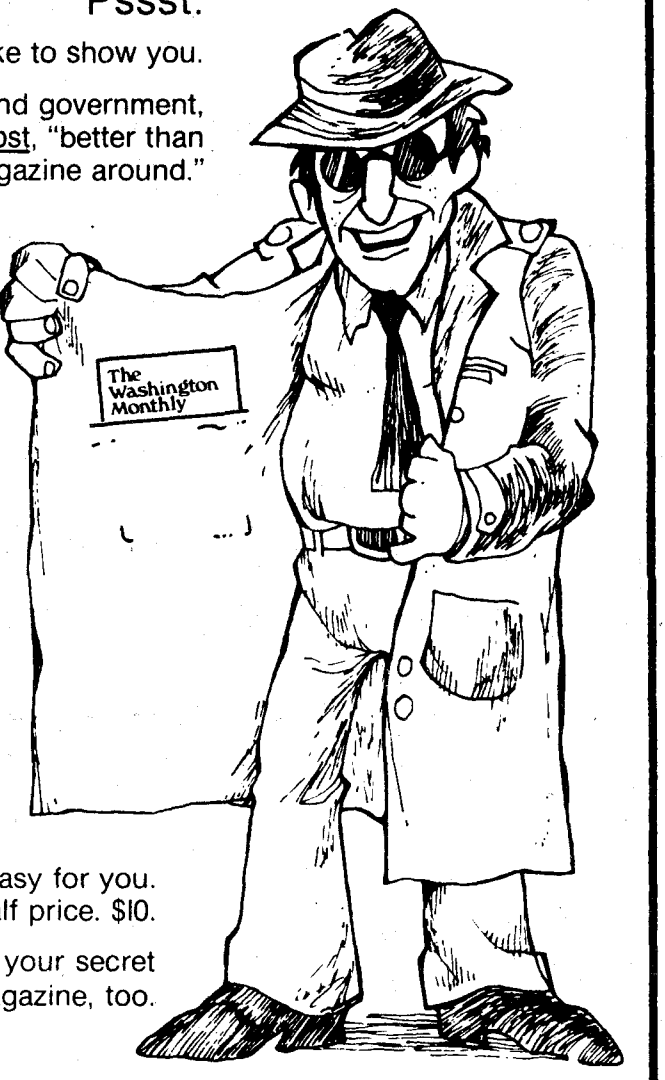

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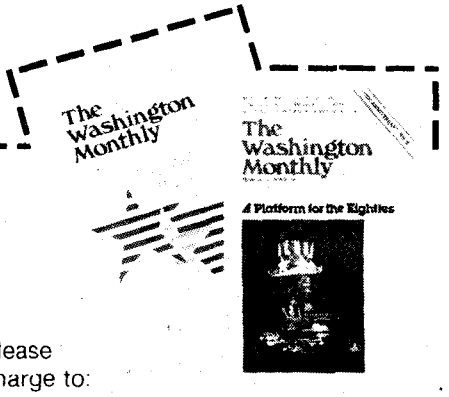

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Love in the Late '70s

BRINA CAPLAN

ROUGH STRIFE. *By Lynne Sharon Schwartz. Harper & Row. 200 pp. $9.95.*

HAZARDS TO THE HUMAN HEART. *By Thomas Farber. E. P. Dutton. 144 pp. $10.95.*

Auden once suggested that Eros begins with error: "What Mad Nijinsky wrote/About Diaghilev/Is true of the normal heart;/For the error bred in the bone/Of each woman and each man/Craves what it cannot have,/Not universal love/But to be loved alone." In realistic fiction, as in reality, love can have a simple beginning; but after the beginning, nothing can be simple. If the wish "to be loved alone" succeeds, it will provoke tragedy; paradoxically, in order to achieve something like success, the wish must fail. Furthermore, if the "error bred in the bone" plays itself out in a world with its own deep flaws, then the likelihood of complication and conflict increases. No doubt love stories have a simple appeal: they confirm our right to crave what we "cannot have." Still, what finally convinces us are the complex truths particular to a given story. And so, the best love stories do not merely congratulate "the normal heart"; they clarify a specific pattern of bone-deep need and constraining reality.

By structuring characters and action carefully, an author can create such a pattern. In fact, there are times in her intimate domestic novel, *Rough Strife*, when Lynne Sharon Schwartz seems to have had exactly this aim in mind. *Rough Strife* follows two Americans from their passionate falling in love in Italy during the 1950s, through troubled way stops in Boston and a New England college town to their successful arrival at a comfortable middle age in a Manhattan apartment toward the end of the 1970s. Throughout the twenty-year journey, Ivan and Caroline are a discordant pair. He is socially concerned, personally reserved and self-controlled, an esthete who manages programs in the arts. She is an academic mathematician—probing, abstract, impulsive. Were they substantial characters, their conflicting interests and their variations of desire would provide a hard test of the will to love. But instead of characterization, Schwartz presents us with portraiture in the advertising style of Dewar's scotch.

Ivan is merely an assemblage of attitudes ("He looked for structure and composition, he told her, harmony of the parts and general resonance"). His sensitivity is a given; yet, when the plot demands it, he is capable of raping his wife. Moreover, he is liable to violate the reader's belief with such dialogue as: "There's never any guarantee. Listen, baby, I'm not going to beg. Excuse me." Nevertheless, Ivan is at least a recognizable type. His dark good looks, his esthetic interests, his latent violence suggest a Byron in a Lacoste shirt.

Caroline's personality, however, never achieves even this crude coordination. A dip into her stream of consciousness is always a puzzling experience. Strange things are afloat there: unmotivated moods and surreal fantasies, the mildest of which seem peculiar:

> In fantasy she bored a hole in [her lovers'] foreheads and crept through the crannies of the brain to its visceral reaches, till a narrow shaft of light showed through.

Her more lurid imaginings, if not deeply disturbed, are deeply disturbing:

> The vision flashed again, Ivan lying on his back on the lonesome path, stretched out as if crucified, this time the front of his white shorts a bloody hole. Caroline pressed her fists to her eyes in a surge of self-hate. How could she even imagine such a thing?

How indeed, we echo, since this hysterical undercurrent contradicts the stated facts of her life. After all, Caroline is a topological mathematician, whose work demands a level of abstract reasoning that would itself have to undergo topological distortion in order to accommodate visions of bloody holes and brain burglary.

Although at times *Rough Strife* treats character capriciously, often it arranges incident by the clock. Much of what Schwartz's characters do is predictable, historically ad hoc: in the 1950s, Ivan and Caroline experience togetherness; in the 1960s, John Kennedy's death marks the end of their youthful enthusiasm; in the 1970s, while their marriage deteriorates under Caroline's feminist assaults, they both take up physical fitness. Like a pair of heavy hands, the familiar and the expected shape this couple's lives.

It is true that there are occasional anomalies, but these occur within the language of the novel rather than within the plot. Consider, for example, the curious ambiguity latent in Schwartz's description of Ivan and Caroline's first embrace:

> And he kissed her good night at her door two times: lips warm and slightly parted lingered on hers briefly with a feeling of misplaced nostalgia. . . .

Does the novelist really intend that Ivan's lips experience "misplaced nostalgia"? Or is it rather that, owing to Schwartz's careless syntax, Caroline's "feeling of misplaced nostalgia" is itself misplaced?

Indeed, *Rough Strife* contains more than its share of rough prose: "There had been a quiver of recognition when they first met. Not love at first sight, but bowing to destiny." We all know this style, of course: for generations it has been the medium of escapist women's fiction, supplying book publishers with governess novels and glamour magazines with stories for adolescent girls. Arguably, the style has other uses—but the detailing of social and psychological realities is surely not among them. In fact, had *Rough Strife* fewer pretentions, it might prove a more satisfying novel, for Schwartz raises important problems—the impact of feminism upon the family, the difficulty of maintaining both intimacy and identity—that her style simply cannot sustain.

If style is a weakness of Schwartz's *Rough Strife*, it is a strength of Thomas Farber's third collection of short stories, *Hazards to the Human Heart*. Farber's stories, sharply conceived and briskly executed, tell of displaced persons, men and women who are puzzled by their arrival at destinations they are sure they have not chosen. Among them is "Mad Dog," a Boston felon and the would-be king of Berkeley's pickup basketball courts, whose doings occupy two separate stories:

> Isolated, without the sense of place his hometown had given him, bereft, really, arguing with parents who were of course miles away, whom no one around him could possibly know, he was perpetually on the verge of rage.

Brina Caplan teaches expository writing at Harvard University.

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> In Oakland one time, watching the Raiders on TV in a bar, perhaps jealous of the locals and their loud laughter, wanting some attention or recognition, the anonymity driving him insane, he felt impelled to say in a very loud voice that Kenny Stabler was just an overrated piece of shit. Left-handed shit, for that matter. Mad Dog won the fight—escalated first to a lead pipe, then ran faster—but he couldn't help himself. He longed to go home. Was dizzy with so many strangers, so many miles.

Here, by skillfully manipulating the patterns of everyday speech, Farber creates a character in a few swift moves. At its best, his prose is as spare and specifying as black-and-white photography.

Farber subtitles his book *Stories of the Here and Now*; most of his central characters have, in fact, retreated along with the late 1970s into private concerns. "As a corollary," notes the narrator of Mad Dog's adventures,

> it seemed that the entire bottom of the economy had disappeared. Almost no one spoke of the poor, particularly of helping them (the poor themselves were strangely silent, as if ashamed, or perhaps simply awed by the widening gulf between them and the middle class).

Mainly in their 30s, either married or divorced, and living in the San Francisco Bay area, they struggle for an elusive sense of control. With precision, Farber relates their categories of worry: diet, habitat, habits, isolation and a deep, welling rage. And the consequences of seeking salvation only through those things that the self can control are usually ironic, for the self remains subject to unwilled change.

Even so, it is true that the things crowding everyday life can often be ordered or subdued. In "The Tom in Particular," a woman sorts through the collected valuables of her girlhood while her husband looks on, sarcastically at first, then with growing anxiety. Finally he demands that she make a pile on the living room floor of the presents he too has given her. Implicit here is a dialectic between objects that can be itemized and a need that cannot be stated—between the natural limits of any thing given or received and Auden's limitless wish.

In "The Material Plane," a more thoroughly worked out and more fully realized story, Farber increases this dialectical tension. At 20, Cecille leaves her protective home in San Francisco for a summer of independence. Hitchhiking across the nowhere of the northern plains she meets Gabe, a taciturn young rancher, who is determined to succeed at the life that destroyed his alcoholic father. Cecille, taken with Gabe's quiet competence, his flashes of humor, his aspirations, stays out the summer and then marries him: "She'd responded to his dream. More, she knew how vulnerable he was, the shame he'd felt for his father, how he'd suffered when his mother ran away." After her marriage, Farber slowly reveals both the soundness and insufficiency of Cecille's assessment of Gabe, for she has misjudged, as answerable need, his obsessive defense against childhood loss. Like a rural Faust, he must control every aspect of his world:

> She'd been certain when they married that she'd be able to enhance the gentleness that was clearly in him, to get him to ease his pace. But now, with her help and presence, he seemed only more driven. And life on the ranch was all on his terms, his personal preferences buttressed by the demands of 2,000 acres, 750 animals, and loan payments. Cecille began to feel that she could argue with Gabe but not with the whole damn ranch. She kept the bummer lamb, built hummingbird feeders, put candles on the table at dinner, bought linen napkins to insist that not everything had to be functional. She did all this but felt as though she was only losing ground.

Her "understanding" and her material countermeasures—the candles, the hummingbird feeders—are hopelessly insubstantial on "the material plane." Eventually, Gabe's strength, a too-perfect adaptation to the world that defeated his father and mother, pushes Cecille toward choices of submission, desertion, or madness. In effect, his strength guarantees him the kind of loss he has driven himself to prevent. In *Hazards to the Human Heart,* many characters make Gabe's mistake—falsely assuming that meaning inheres in things rather than in an interpretation of those things.

Unfortunately, at times Farber himself makes the same error. And when he does, his stories become reportage and his accurate vision, a kind of persevering stare at a stream of events. In "Something to Protect," for example, Mike, "a laid-back accountant," worries himself sick over whether Suzanne

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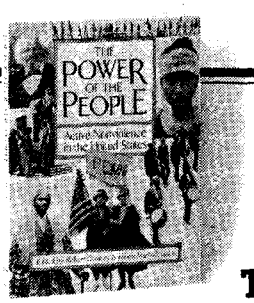

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will return from a visit with her former boyfriend. She does. But since all that Farber gives us of Mike is a set of trivial acts and superficial conversations, it is hard to see how her return matters to him, or why it should to us. In this case, Farber cannot assert that he is talking about the sterility of contemporary life, for he is merely fixating upon it. Whenever, as in "Something to Protect," he wastes his gift for observation, the loss is ours, because his gift is real. Yet, even with its weaknesses, *Hazards to the Human Heart* offers us a significant view of love in the late 1970s, a time when, like the narrator of Mad Dog's adventures, we waited "for something to change if not improve." □

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PAUL CHEVIGNY

FACING WEST: The Metaphysics of Indian-Hating and Empire-Building. *By Richard Drinnon. University of Minnesota Press. 552 pp. $20.*

MASHPEE—The Story of Cape Cod's Indian Town. *By Francis G. Hutchins. Amarta Press. 193 pp. $12.50.*

By completely different strategies, each of these books seeks to come to grips with the entire history of white America's dealings with nonwhite peoples. Richard Drinnon's is the broadest possible approach, synthesizing every sort of evidence to suggest a consistent policy of repressive "Indian-hating." Francis Hutchins has adopted the more traditional historian's device of a world-in-microcosm, the record of survival of an Indian community in Massachusetts for more than 350 years.

Facing West can best be understood as a meditation upon the proposition that Anglo-Americans have always single-mindedly expressed their fear and contempt for dark-skinned and primitive people by destroying them. The book is extremely ambitious, drawing not only upon traditional political chronicles and their interpreters but also upon popular literature as a mirror of the mind of the times. The whole is infused further by a sort of psychohistory; Drinnon thinks (roughly) that we maintain our emotional equilibrium through the release of killing people who are less repressed than we are.

The notion of a racist politics fueled by repressive fear of the creative diversity of peoples is by now, of course, a pretty familiar one, and Drinnon's attempt to support it by his colossal journey through our domestic and imperial history has results by turns banal and fascinating. He begins the book with an account of the destruction of Thomas Morton's anti-Puritan plantation at Merry Mount in 1628. Of course, the event exemplifies the narrowness and prudery of the Puritans, but it has lost its power to enlighten us because it has been too often used for the same purpose (as Drinnon recognizes) by Nathaniel Hawthorne and Robert Lowell. It can scarcely enlighten us at all about attitudes toward native Americans; Drinnon draws upon Morton's own writings to argue that the Indians sympathized more with him than with the Puritans, but we have nothing more than Morton's assurances that the Indians understood Merry Mount any better than they did the Puritans.

On the other hand, in the last half of the book, after elaborating upon the popular tradition of Indian-hating in America, Drinnon offers some interesting evidence of the transfer of this tradition to foreign policy. He shows quite conclusively that our brutal measures in the Philippines at the turn of the century were justified by the empire-builders as being a logical extension of our treatment of native Americans. As Theodore Roosevelt said, "The reasoning which justifies our having made war against Sitting Bull also justifies our having checked the outbreaks of Aguinaldo and his followers." Drinnon's point is that everyone assumed that T. R.'s argument made sense.

The central thesis of Drinnon's book is an important one, then, but one so fashionable that it ought to be subjected to gimlet-eyed analysis. His methods, unfortunately, are ill-adapted to evaluate the thesis. They are polemical rather than historical, intended to castigate the sins of the past from a modern point of view.

Drinnon's psychohistorical stance is particularly vulnerable to this sort of abuse. Once he has made the assumption that white America lashed out at native America as an expression both of sexuality and the fear of sexuality, the argument proceeds to prove itself. There is no reliable way to tell whether sexual repression really is or is not a driving force for any act of violence.

The stance also makes Drinnon superior to nearly everyone he writes about; it privileges him to brand as an Indian-hater anyone who may be more repressed than he. He can even drag in, on account of her Victorian mores, poor Mary Hunter Austin, who is in fact one of the first American writers who showed any understanding of Indian culture. Hardly any dead white American can win at Drinnon's game of being a free spirit.

In the course of its polemic, the book draws upon much historical evidence. Some of it, like the Philippine example, supports the conclusion that the same sorts of racist methods have been used in both domestic and imperial policy, but on balance, Drinnon's evidence seems to me very nearly to refute his proposition.

The reason for this contradiction lies in the essential difference between invading a land to eliminate its native population, something that happened on the North American continent, and the act of forcing another country to pay tribute as part of an empire. The first calls for the destruction of indigenous cultures, but the second is sometimes compatible with their continued existence. Imperial administrators have typically had very complex relations with their tribute cultures, while scorched-earth invaders, to put it mildly, have not.

As a prime example of an Indian-hater or empire-builder, Drinnon uses Edward Lansdale, the Central Intelligence agent and chief architect of U.S. counterinsurgency tactics. Now a secret agent such as Lansdale is typically an imperial functionary; he infiltrates a political structure to manipulate it, but not necessarily to transform it. If

Paul Chevigny is author of Cops and Rebels: A Study in Provocation *and* Criminal Mischief: A Novel *(both Pantheon).*

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Lansdale is a paradigm of American imperial policy, then one thing his methods seem to prove is that foreign policy is in essence different from domestic policy. I do not mean to deny that both foreign and domestic policy are sometimes racist; I simply mean that their aims and methods are different. America's imperial adventures have been sad and confused enough without our confusing them still further.

The distinction between domestic and foreign policy is of some importance to Hutchins's study of the Indian community of Mashpee on Cape Cod. By the end of the seventeenth century, as Hutchins describes it, the English had left only two options open to native Americans: removal beyond the frontier where they would be treated as foreign nations, or Christianization in a community of "praying Indians." Almost all Indians chose the former course, through which they were by turns pushed west, betrayed and destroyed. Among the few who chose to accommodate were those who gathered at Mashpee to practice the Congregational faith in the Algonquin language.

Hutchins's account of Mashpee is a litany of the ways in which oppressed people get by in their dealings with the dominant race. His telling of the story is perhaps a little dry or cool, where Drinnon's is too polemical, but the thrust of it is clear enough. Mashpee had been used as a concentration camp for Indians who were friendly to the British during King Philip's War, and afterward the town sought paternalistic protection from the Massachusetts authorities. Not surprisingly, Massachusetts failed to guard the rights of the Indians, who then presented their grievances to King George III. The English tried to sell the Indian messenger into slavery, but he escaped, got an audience with the King and finally succeeded in having Mashpee incorporated as an autonomous district in 1763.

In the 200 years that followed, the town tried autonomy and paternalism by turns and had little success with either. In the nineteenth century, when the town's leaders were bitten by the laissez-faire bug, the citizens of the community obtained the right to own and sell their lands individually. By the twentieth century, much of the land had been sold, and in the 1970s, the Mashpee Indians sued to get it back. They lost because they had been too accommodating, not "foreign" enough.

For 300 years, even while the Government was destroying the Indian tribes, Federal law continued to treat the tribes beyond the frontier, and later also within it, as if they were independent nations. This implied that treaties made with the tribes had to be honored, if the courts could be induced to look at them. When that began to happen at last, it was possible for a tribe to resurrect the historic wrongs of the past, bring a suit and win. The Mashpee Indians, having assimilated the religion and property rights of the whites, no longer had that degree of independence. They did not win their suit.

In Hutchins's account, history has offered native Americans a terrible choice. They could maintain their cultural independence, and in return suffer near destruction. If a tribe weathered that, the courts might finally reward its survivors. On the other hand, they could survive by accommodation, and lose forever the lands they had given up through poverty, ignorance, or greed. It is little wonder that the Mashpee Indians could not endure either alternative, or that our courts failed to supply them with another. □

THEATER

JULIUS NOVICK

Stratford, Ontario

Titus Andronicus is generally dismissed as a youthful indiscretion of Shakespeare's, a concatenation of preposterous horrors: "Enter the Empress' sons with Lavinia, her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out, and ravish'd." But a revival of Brian Bedford's 1978 production of this "most Lamentable Romaine Tragedie" has been for me the great experience of this year's Stratford Festival.

On those rare occasions when *Titus* is done at all, it is usually adorned with a lot of anxious gimmickry, but Bedford has directed it with courageous simplicity and consummate tact. Except that we see no blood, the horrors are not stylized. The many stabbings are swift and startling, believable as violence and not just as Shakespearean convention. The severed heads and hands, the handless wrists, are shown to us wrapped or draped in cloth; we are not tempted to

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amuse ourselves by considering how closely the property heads resemble their originals. And so the horrors do horrify; you would not know from this powerful production how easily they can become ridiculous. With significant help from Michael Whitfield's somber, ominous lighting, Bedford has created the "wilderness of tigers" that Shakespeare specified as the world of this play.

But *Titus Andronicus* does not emerge at Stratford as a play about cruelty; the cruelty is only the necessary background to William Hutt's beautiful portrayal of Titus and the cause that forces Titus, Lear-like, to the grief-stricken greatness that we see. Hutt, a mainstay at Stratford for a quarter of a century, is usually more at home in comedy than in tragedy; he lacks something in sturdiness and fierceness. He does not emphasize Titus the severe, self-righteous Roman soldier and father who brings down destruction on himself and his family by his unyielding rigor. It ought to be implausible that so urbane, so innately gentle a man as Hutt's Titus should be capable of saying, "What, villain boy! Barr'st me my way in Rome?" and stabbing his own son, yet somehow it is not implausible; the "oughts" of mere logic are not—thank God!—always all-powerful in the theater.

With Hutt at its center, *Titus Andronicus* becomes a play about the strange, sad, paradoxical, terrible, exalted forms into which Titus's humanity is forced as the "tigers" savage him. Even in his madness, even when he is planning to kill the wicked empress's wicked sons and serve them up to their mother in a pie, this Titus is always comprehensible, always sympathetic, always somehow like us. When he folds his ravished daughter in his arms and stabs her to wipe out the stain on his honor, what we feel is the lovely tenderness with which he does it. He leads the play to a transcendence of its own horrors; he makes it a magnificent affirmation of the persistence with which human beings can remain human.

When not employed as Titus, Hutt also plays Feste in *Twelfth Night.* One would not have thought that Titus and Feste had much in common, or that either had much in common with Hutt, but the actor succeeds in both parts, on surprisingly similar terms. His Feste is not the usual capering jester but a cultivated though impecunious gentleman, well on in years, who has long since carved out a little place for himself in the household of Olivia as scholar, musician and wit. Hutt's melancholy Feste, pince-nez dangling at his belt, would not perhaps suit every *Twelfth Night.* But his frayed, pathetic charm fits nicely into artistic director Robin Phillips's autumnal production, which, while not neglecting the comedy in the play, takes special care of its melancholy and even its element of bitterness.

Patricia Conolly is a runty, engaging Viola, ardent, mischievous and frail, but the production is dominated by Brian Bedford's extraordinary Malvolio. Bedford plays very successfully for broad comedy, with plenty of good prune-faced mugging. He causes an explosion of hilarity when, having come from his bed to rebuke Sir Toby and his friends for the commotion they are making, Malvolio inadvertently reveals that he sleeps with a teddy bear. After he has been gulled and jailed by Maria's little plot, however, Bedford's Malvolio emerges as a devastated man. When Olivia puts a consoling hand on his shoulder, he winces. And suddenly we feel the pathos of Malvolio: lonely—that teddy bear!—incapable of ordinary pleasures, ill at ease with feelings, nearly throttled by his own inhibitions, he has only his pride to sustain him, and now that has been deeply wounded. He has worked hard while others indulged themselves, and this is his reward! Bedford's Malvolio stands beside his faceless, bureaucratic Angelo in *Measure for Measure* at Stratford in 1975: two brilliant studies, one comic-pathetic and one in somber earnest, of neurotic puritanism.

When not employed as solemn Malvolio, Bedford plays a breezy Benedick opposite Maggie Smith's Beatrice in *Much Ado About Nothing,* which Phillips has staged with uncharacteristic carelessness. Indoor furniture causes confusion in what are clearly meant to be outdoor scenes; at one point the army appears to be marching into Leonato's living room. A secret plot is hatched in the immediate presence of twenty onlookers. It looks as if Phillips assumed, consciously or unconsciously, that Maggie and Brian would take care of everything, and up to a point they do. They get their laughs (and Smith gets some good ones that perhaps no Beatrice has ever gotten before); their last scene is true golden comedy, and the show is a big hit. But their work could still be clearer and deeper; there is more in these characters, in that relationship, than they show us.

When not employed as Beatrice (sweet are the uses of repertory), Smith finds herself at the Avon, the festival's proscenium theater, with her hands in the pockets of a long brown cardigan, impersonating Virginia Woolf to sold-out houses. Her vehicle, a new work by Edna O'Brien entitled *Virginia,* is almost more a recital than a play, a series of monologues for Virginia, punctuated by scenes involving Leonard Woolf and Vita Sackville-West. It is all very Luupine; most of it was actually drawn from Virginia's letters and reminiscences. It has been gracefully put together by O'Brien, and gracefully staged by Phillips. Fluttering and twisting at the end of Virginia's rope, Smith is admirable, and she is admirably supported by Nicholas Pennell and Patricia Conolly. Finely done as it is, *Virginia* will probably appeal more to Woolf's admirers than it did to me; I found myself just a bit weary after two hours of fragile sensibility and Bloomsbury name-dropping.

All told, this year's festival company is employed in a total of fifteen productions—far too many to discuss in one review, or even to see in one visit. The standard of acting this year is exceptionally high, but classical theater is a desperately tricky business; the productions sometimes vivify the plays and sometimes do not. But during the day there are still the swans to watch as they sail down the Avon (the river this time, not the theater), and in the evening there is always the hope of another *Titus.* □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

The Arabian Nights
Dressed to Kill
The Hunter

Remembering Pier Paolo Pasolini's misanthropic travesty of *The Canterbury Tales,* it is a pleasure to find that he completed his "trilogy of life" (*The Decameron* came first) with a youthful

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and consistently joyous *Arabian Nights*. As with his other adaptations, the late director took the threads of Scheherazade's tales and rewove them into his own tapestry, enveloping a number of the original adventures in a running story of lovers joined, then cruelly parted, but finally joined in an embrace of lust and laughter. By devices of dreams and magic, the episodes flow into one another with the fluidity of mercury, and it is not always easy to see where one ends and the next takes over. No matter: Pasolini displays here to its fullest extent his bent for spectacle, creating on locations in Nepal, Ethiopia, Iran and Yemen processions and pageants that exceed in exotic beauty the galactic marvels of *Star Wars*.

These sand castles of the imagination—flying turrets, alluring alleys, tent cities, princely quarters entered through obscure trap doors—he has peopled with whole populations in kaleidoscopic play. The figures one comes to identify in the whirl of bodies are young, comely and utterly without shame. There is a great deal of nudity and, as one might expect from Pasolini, it is predominantly male nudity, with the girls exclaiming in delight over their companions' genitalia. The fig leaves of the Garden of Eden are unknown to these Adams and Eves.

The Arabian Nights is thus a pervasively erotic film, but it is not pornography. It is much too direct for that and it carries an assumption of mutual eagerness, treating neither sex as the instrument of the other. Though for the most part it is the women who instruct the men, sex is not a means of exploitation. I am, however, indebted to Vincent Canby of *The New York Times* for his observation that Pasolini, for all his assertive Marxism, may well have exploited his largely amateur cast. They have the look, often, of the importuning waifs who are said to swarm around tourists in the lands east of Gibraltar.

Truth, the film declares, is not to be found in one dream, but in many dreams. Just what truth Pasolini is here expressing I cannot say, except that heaven bestows happiness on those who will seize it. I suspect that he loved the East as much as he mistrusted Europe, and was indulging here a vision of youth wrapped in a magic indulgence, of present joy for which no future price will be demanded. *The Arabian Nights* is a good film to remember him by.

Dressed to Kill finds director Brian De Palma in a ghoulishly joking mood. He kids schizophrenia, nymphomania, the psychiatric profession, tough city cops, juvenile electronics genius and the screen's boutique version of urban high living. He gives us as heroine an Upper East Side hooker (Nancy Allen) with a solid understanding of the stock market and he has ingeniously worked a telephone answering service into a pivotal position in a tricky, if not entirely resolved, murder mystery. But De Palma also takes a light view of a homocidal transvestite who prowls the city with a cutthroat razor in his/her hand and, especially at a time when a violinist has been shockingly, and it would seem senselessly, murdered backstage at the Metropolitan Opera House, I deplored his jolly attitude toward mad killers. Nor do I share his enthusiasm for risqué double meanings—he will spend six or eight lines of dialogue to set up a punch line that would hardly raise a snicker from a high-school junior.

Withal, the combination of mockery and horror in *Dressed to Kill* is stimulating, if not edifying, and De Palma works with a glossy cast. Angie Dickinson, as the oversexed victim, projects the strained sophistication of a rich New Yorker whose personal life is not going at all well. Michael Caine, her psychiatrist, contributes his British phlegm to the chic aspirations of the film. Dennis Franz is funny as an explosively abrasive detective; Keith Gordon, with owl glasses and a computer mind, adds a necessary dash of naïveté, and Allen, as the sweet ingénue who knows every dirty quirk of the male libido, plays for all it's worth (still a good deal) the whore with a heart of gold. *Dressed to Kill* is as well packaged as its name implies; it is also a little sleazy.

Like Clint Eastwood and John Travolta, Steve McQueen is an actor of persistent promise who is habitually cast in schlock movies. He moves beautifully, he speaks well, his small gestures are eloquent and his quick springs can make your hair tingle. He does well with what he's given, but what he's given is not worthy of him.

In *The Hunter* he plays an aging bounty hunter, one engaged in tracking down frightened or desperate men who have skipped bail, and receiving large fees for this dangerous work from a bondsman (Eli Wallach). McQueen goes through the melodramatics of his part with a quizzical awareness of his character's waning powers and an ironic admission that others may find something distasteful in the trapping of men for pay. He also handles with some dignity a cloying love story that has been devised for him and Kathryn Harrold. All in all, he is a credible figure wading through hogwash.

The screenplay by Ted Leighton and Peter Hyams is said to be derived from a book by Christopher Keane and from the life of someone named Ralph Thorson. As for the book, I can't say, not having read it, but I doubt that the film was derived very scrupulously from the life of anyone at all. It looks as though it had been entrusted to the inventive talents of a special effects expert, being a series of hysterical chases, catastrophic explosions, wall-splitting hand-to-hand combat and the inaccurate discharge of rapid-fire small arms, from all of which the hero emerges relatively unscathed. The running joke of the picture is that the intrepid hunter, the man who walks into a den of maddened fugitives with the modest confidence of a social worker visiting the infirm, cannot park his car without smashing fenders or drive it down a street without endangering pedestrians and the oncoming traffic. It is an instantly tiresome jape and seemed to embarrass McQueen. The derisive laughter that broke out in the audience from time to time would have embarrassed him still more. □

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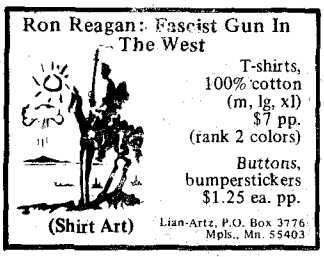
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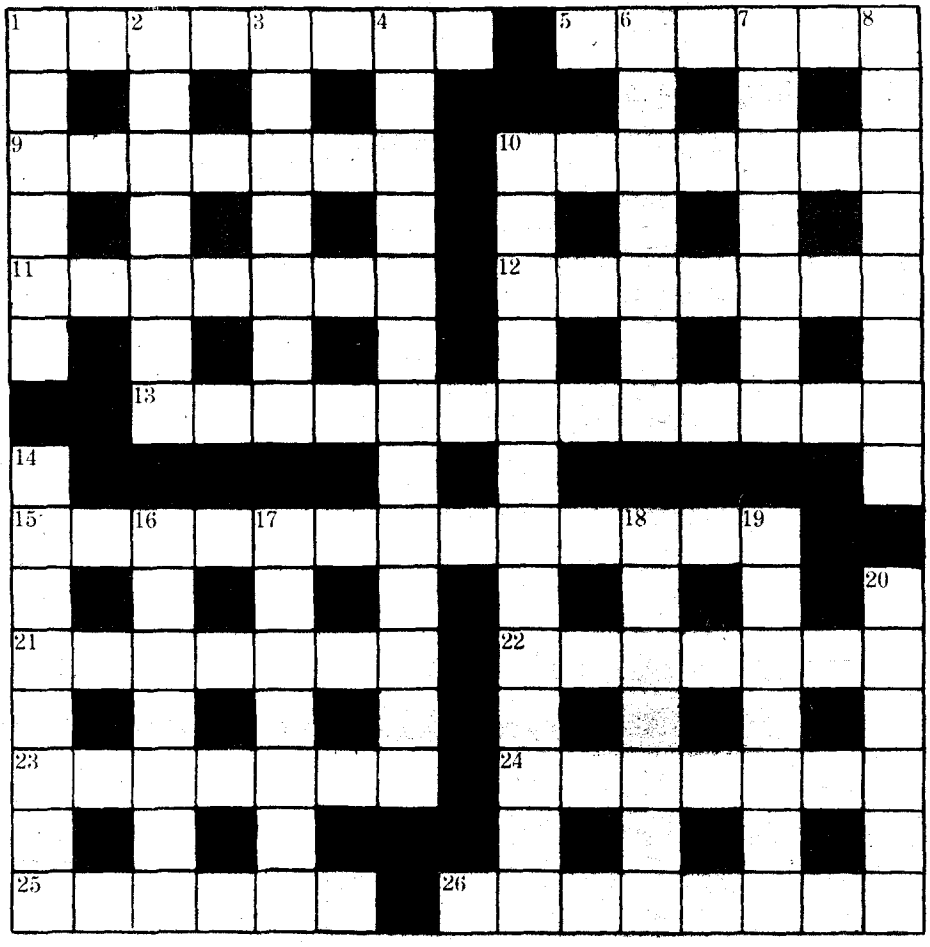
Crossword Puzzle No. 1832

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Car otherwise belonging to me implies independence. (8)
5 Like Mr. Dawkins, though it suggests the Louvre might be. (6)
9 Given something extra in education, which is obvious. (7)
10 Not many, perhaps—or should one say "few to many"? (7)
11 One's letter might be without zip; timeliness without the prophet could make it so. (7)
12 Not what Teddy meant by "Bully!" (7)
13 It's what one expects in many places of entertainment—just barely enough powder to blow it up! (7,6)
15 It's as confused before separate groups as reparations may be. (13)
21 Auto wreck about 22½ degrees from the body itself. (7)
22 To become thick, yet sort of clear when shot, for example, inside. (7)
23 It's not the age of the old material—it's what might keep the dance going. (7)
24 A wreath certainly makes for casual time! (7)
25 In the restaurant, 23 begins to have something to hold the drink. (6)
26 How the quarterback or the traveler to Italy may progress, as one gets around. (2-6)

DOWN

1 Fall when leaves do. (6)
2 Operated in most unusual fashion, with a place to enter below it. (7)
3 Is it material if the girl gets rather eager? (7)
4 Is a ruler so personally produced? (4,2,7)
6 One might do it to painting—"Old soak with a painful expression." (7)
7 One who really likes things less plain? (7)
8 Moved clumsily—with a wooden leg, perhaps? (7)
10 A friend who comes to the rescue without question? Without question! (13)
14 Not everyone understands such coteries, being different. (8)
16 Wild anger at this—in fact one might be scarlet. (7)
17 One who enforces the law with a Barbary Coast lady? (7)
18 Primitive instrument found in Cairo and North America. (7)
19 A common carrier comes up with fixed charges, and tones things down. (7)
20 What the religious take and the military give. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1831

ACROSS: 1 Proposition; 9 Injuries; 10 Arises; 11 Sachets; 12 Spinner; 14 Attend; 15 and 20 across Identity parade; 17 Standish; 22 Spatial; 24 Insoles; 26 Escudo; 27 Atomizer; 28 Cheerleader. DOWN: 2 Rough-hewn; 3 and 8 Painted Desert; 4 Sash; 5 Traipse; 6 Onion; 7 Intact; 13 and 25 Nightfall; 16 Terrorize; 19 In a hole; 20 Pandora; 21 Dieter; 23 and 18 Touch typist.

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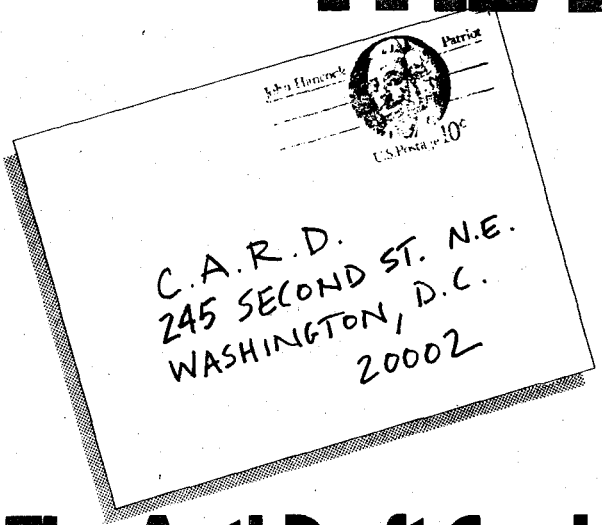
HOW TO REGISTER AGAINST THE DRAFT.



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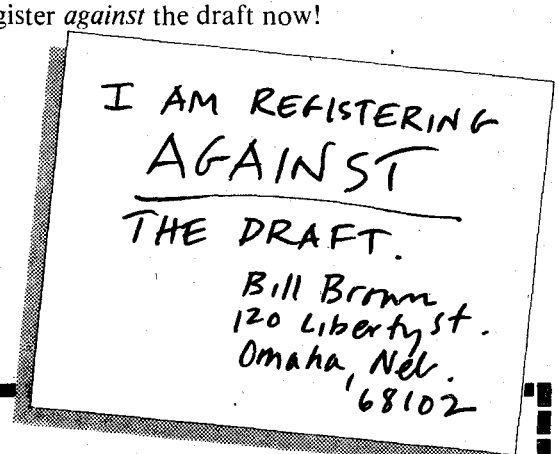

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C.A.R.D. is a coalition of 50 national organizations opposed to registration and the draft.

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